

William Freeman
W. H. Clifford, Esq.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

News of the Week,

Fashions, Fiction, Music and the Drama, Varieties, &c.

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MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON.

THE popular artiste whose portrait we have engraved this week must be known to all readers, by reputation at least; for scarcely a musical programme of any pretensions, whether in London or the provinces, has now appeared for many years from which her name has been absent. The great choral societies of the metropolis invariably secure her services. She has allotted to her leading parts at all important musical gatherings, such as those at the Crystal Palace, Exeter-hall, and at Norwich, Birmingham, &c.; and whether rendering the finest passages in the grandest of oratorios, or warbling the simplest English ballad, she proves herself, while thoroughly at her ease, as conscientious and painstaking a student as she is gifted an artiste. The lengthy chain of concerts which composes the London musical season may be divided into three prominent classes. There are the Philharmonic and the New Philharmonic Societies, the Musical Union, the Monday Popular Concerts, and Boosey's Ballad Concerts; and there was, up to the present year, the Musical Society—a body now dissolved. Then, besides the secular associations, there are the Sacred Harmonic and the National Choral Societies, the object of which, as is well known, is the performance of oratorios and other sacred compositions. Next come the Crystal Palace Concerts, and the performances of the choral societies, such as Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, Mr. Joseph Barnsby's Choir, the St. Cecilia, and the like; and to the patrons of all these Madame Lemmens-Sherrington is well known, so that her public career is thoroughly bound up with the musical records of the time. We may also state without hesitation that this industrious and talented artiste is not only admired, but esteemed by the general public, as well as by all sections of the arduous profession which she adorns. Her husband, too, Mons. Lemmens, stands high in his profession as an organist, alike in this country and that of his birth, Belgium; he is also favourably known as the author of several songs of some note, the principal of which Madame Lemmens-Sherrington has occasionally sung in public. The personal history of Madame Sherrington has already been told; but it is worth repeating, for there are few English vocalists who possess more exquisite feeling and acquired charms, coupled with a pure and brilliant soprano voice. In early life, we believe, she showed a natural taste for music. Her first engagements were at the principal provincial concerts, and



MADAME LEMMENS - SHERRINGTON.

(From a Photograph.)

the success which attended her efforts in the cultivation of her voice, and the attention which she paid to her musical studies, soon brought her more prominently before the public. Indeed, scarcely any of the nobility's concerts could be said to be complete without this talented lady's name appearing on the programme. Having been so successful in private concert-rooms, it may readily be imagined that she was preparing herself for a higher sphere in the "divine art." This was soon offered her, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington made her first appearance in operatic character as the original Maid Marian, in Mafarren's opera of *Robin Hood*, which was produced for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1860, then under the auspices of Mr. E. T. Smith. There was some doubt in the musical world as to the prudence of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington in selecting, or being induced to undertake, such an important part for her *debut* on the stage. The fineness of her voice was beyond question; but something more than this was required of a *prima*

donna, and that was the necessary stage qualifications. All doubts, however, were soon removed. She was never in better voice: it was audible, distinct, rich in quality, and sweetly modulated. Her acting was equally satisfactory. The most finished actress could not have been more at ease, or have gone through the stage business more correctly. And, let it be remembered, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington had no copy to guide her—she had to create a part, and this she accomplished to perfection. She was well supported by Mr. Sims Reeves as Robin Hood, and Mr. Santley as the Sheriff. In the first duet with Mr. Sims Reeves, "When lovers are parted," the audience, even at that early stage of the opera, was in the utmost state of enthusiasm. The *Times*, in alluding to this signal triumph of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, remarked "that she arose one morning to find herself famous," and the musical world fully endorsed the verdict. In the rendering of Handel's music Madame Sherrington has also achieved marked success. One of the criticisms on her performances states that "since the retirement of Madame Novello, no modern vocalist has ever exhibited so much refined feeling, coupled with beauty of tone and finish of style, as Madame Sherrington; and this is the more remarkable, as a very considerable portion of her vocal studies must have been devoted to the acquirement of that fluency and perfectness of vocalisation in which she is scarcely, if at all, equalled by any other living artiste." The next important character

which Madame Lemmens-Sherrington undertook was that of Marguerite, in Gounod's opera of *Faust*. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's voice is undoubtedly one of the purest sopranos we possess. She is now in the zenith of her popularity; and we trust it may be long ere we lose such a brilliant ornament, either to the stage or the London and provincial musical festivals. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, we may state also, as forming a fitting conclusion to this sketch, has not sullied her artistic reputation by pandering to vulgar taste, or singing, for the sake of securing larger gains, any trash that publishers might be desirous of forcing into popularity for commercial reasons; in other words, she has generally kept clear of what is known as "royalties." The royalty system, which has been much stigmatised of late, comprises the singer's interest, derived from the publisher, on the songs he sings. It is a percentage paid him by the music publisher—generally threepence or sixpence on each copy of the



song sold—in consideration of the advertisement afforded by the artist in singing. When a music publisher has bought a song likely to suit the public, he looks out for a vocalist who will undertake to sing it at all the concerts which he may attend, for the accumulation of the threepences on the sale. Of course, the singer's name is attached to the song, which henceforth enjoys the weight of his reputation. Now, there would be no harm in this system, which is purely a commercial, not an artistic arrangement, if the supply of good songs in the market were equal to the singer's demand for threepences. But it is found that the vocalist's rapacity is in excess of the supply of worthy songs, and the consequence is that the royalty market is deluged with trash, which is forced down the public throat. In course of time, through persistent hearing of worthless music in the ballad line, the public taste becomes vitiated, and audiences are content to listen to, and afterwards purchase, the vilest ware, on the strength of perceiving it sung by vocalists whom they have been traditionally taught to respect. This is the injury which royalties do to musical art.

THE BRIDE'S HOME-COMING.

"We live in dead men's houses."—HAWTHORNE.

- "Who planned that stone seat by the mossed door,
Facing the daisy-starred meadow?"
- "A head that was white as the winter hoar,
When it went down the Valley of Shadow."
- "Who planted yon rose-tree, heavy with snow
Of odorous bud and blossom?"
- "Fair hands that were folded long years ago
Over a snow-cold bosom."
- "Who trod in the path past the old oak-tree,
Down to the sweet-voiced river?"
- "Feet that now rest by the Jasper sea,
In the peace of God's Forever."
- "Who drank at the bucket that hangs from yon sweep,
Rusty and mossy and broken?"
- "Lips that the turf and the violets keep
Locked in a dream unspoken."
- "Who made the sweet song you are humming so low,
With your eyes straying down in the forest?"
- "One that was sepulchred ages ago,
Singing out of his heartache when sorest."
- "Who fashioned that hearth-stone, where, sitting to-night,
We shall taste our love's ripened completeness?"
- "One whose long story of tale and of blight
Would poison the new home-sweetness."
- "Oh, my husband! I am too young—too young
To dwell where such death-damp fingers!"
- "Darling, old chambers of Life are hung
With tapestry wrought by dead fingers."
- "We tread in the paths of the bygone years,
Mid ghosts of the dead generations;
Life is sweet with their songs, and sad with their tears,
And rich with their souls' libations."
- "But Love, sweetest wife, is evermore new,
A child to the Greeks, and Immortals;
A child is he still, and for ever! With you
He enters to-day through these portals."
- "He enters to-day, and he goes out no more
Till we, through the gloom and the glory,
Pass on to the realm of the 'gone before,'
And tell them our own sweet story!"

RASSAM'S CHILDREN.—One of my greatest sources of amusement, and one which afforded me real pleasure during our captivity, was to keep open house for the beautiful birds to be found at Magdala. A few casual visitors at the outset, venturing up to the door in quest of crumbs, were induced by a scattering of tef grain to repeat the call, bringing companions with them, of several other species. The entertainment provided for them was so much appreciated that, in less than a month, there were from fifty to sixty of these pretty creatures, of various hues and colours, warbling in my arbour all day long. They generally came to feed in batches, and as one party left it was succeeded by another, beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset, when all speed away to their respective roosts. How I envied their freedom! The ungrateful little creatures of the year, the feathers assuming a variety of the most lively hues during the transition—I counted as many as eight just as the change began. Another of my visitors, not larger than a goldfinch, was arrayed in red. These used to come in dozens, and after narrowly watching their habits for some time, I noticed a peculiar instinct in them which greatly amused me. When a male loses his mate and is on the look-out for another, he seizes a wisp of straw, or a twig, and hovers about with it in his beak among the fraternity, as an indication that he is a widower in want of a consort. On one occasion, there was evidently a widow present who was similarly situated. The fact was soon apprehended by the widower, who proceeded forthwith to woo her, which he did by simply dropping the twig at her side. Her consent was unmistakable, for she immediately joined him, and both sped away on their honeymoon. As my occupations generally were duly reported to the king, my amusements also did not fail to reach his ears, and he seemed highly interested in my feathered visitors; for whenever the couriers were charged to convey my respects to him, the first question he asked, if he changed to be in a good humour, was, "How are Rassam's children?"—meaning my pet birds. —*Rassam's "British Mission to Abyssinia."*

Agnes Ludlow.

By MARGARET HOPE,

Author of "Many Shades of Life," "For Better, for Worse," &c.

PART I.

"All things come round to him who will but wait."—LONGFELLOW.

IN the heyday of my inexperienced youth I had a dream of domestic felicity, in which I thought it might exist in a cottage, or even in lodgings, and that on the very humble salary of my clerkship I might make a wife happy. With that facility (not peculiar to myself) with which we make our arguments lean to the side of our wishes, I decided, that loving Annie Day with all my heart, I should be justified in making proposals to her father. His answer was briefly and gruffly given, the worldly spirit of it—(I should call it now the wisdom)—filled me with dismay. He said, "Love never was known to keep the pot boiling," and that he saw no prospect of my being able to furnish more substantial and—to him—more satisfactory means. In vain I urged the well-known fact, that what keeps one will, or may be made, to keep two; he replied that, in "his experience, what kept one starved two; that he looked on my proposals as presumptuous; and for the life of him he could not see what right poor clerks had even to think of matrimony." So, as Annie was an obedient daughter, and had prudence enough to acquiesce in her father's decision, I went my way troubled and disheartened, but with a stern resolve to profit by this lesson, and wait for some stroke of fortune, some nearer approach to the necessary income, before I again thought of a wife.

As years rolled on I became somewhat of a philosopher, and fully persuaded of the wisdom of being content with my lot. I said to myself that I was indeed a very happy man; if I missed the greater joy of married life, I did also

heart which has no strong tie of affection to attach itself to those who are as gentle and kindly as Mrs. Ludlow was, and from whom, from time to time, I had received marks of interest and regard. It was not until business rendered it absolutely necessary that Mr. Ludlow nerved himself to return to the office; he had sustained a shock from which it seemed it would be difficult for him to recover. It was natural, therefore, that on the first day of his return to the office Miss Ludlow should call to see how he was getting on; such visits in her mother's time were very few and far between, and though I had seen her grow from child to woman, I had never felt before this day how very fair and lovely she was, or noticed the long fringe of pale gold veiling her deep blue eyes, or the waving masses of bright hair forming so striking a contrast to her mourning dress. One cannot fancy an angel robed in crape; it seemed to me then, quite as unfit that so bright a creature as Agnes Ludlow should mourn. After staying a short time with her father, she spoke briefly to me as she went out of her anxiety respecting him, adding that she knew I should do all in my power to cheer him. Then, with a look so like her mother's, held out her hand to me, and I, with that kind of worship one pays to superior beings, reverently pressed it.

Many months passed, and scarcely a day went by that I did not see Agnes. Sometimes she came and went with a brief salutation; but at others, when she waited for her father, would sit down and converse with sweet frankness, tell me of the sad months with her dying mother, and of the difficulty there was in rousing her father from his depression.

She was but twenty years old, I knew; but with all the freshness and brightness of her innocent youth, there was an almost matronly gravity and wisdom that seemed to lessen the difference between our years; so that I half forgot, as indeed I liked to do, that in comparison to myself she was a child.

And thus another year wore on, and the Kensington parlour was less a paradise than of yore; for a want, a craving want, was at my heart—the love of Agnes Ludlow. "What folly, what absolute folly," I muttered over and over again to myself, sometimes even dashing aside a tear of weakness. "I cannot afford to marry; and even if Agnes could return my love, is it likely I should find more favour with her father than Annie Day's? He was a friend of our family, knew that I came of a good old stock, though what should have been my patrimony was lost to me, and I reduced to become the clerk of Mr. Ludlow, to whom he condescended. Was it likely, then, I could succeed; was there a shadow of a chance? No, heart, be still, stifle thine emotion. Wake, dreamer, and wait for another vision to brighten thy solitary life." But the flame would not be extinguished. In vain I covered it with the ashes of my despair; it did but smoulder, to break out with renewed force. And day by day I saw her, the lovely eyes raised so calmly to mine—no shadow in them of my deep love, only the kindness, which was as the garment of her mind. I have often wondered since, if any consideration but the dread of her visits to the office ceasing would have enabled me to have put so effectual a restraint on myself as to have refrained from any act or token that might betray my feelings, and now I think not.

One day, at the close of this year, Mr. Ludlow, with some formality, called me into his office.

"Farquhar," he said, "pray sit down." I doubt not I evinced some surprise. Never before had he addressed me but, with the utmost punctilio, as "Mr. Farquhar." I think I should have been less astonished had he said "Reginald Farquhar, Esq."

"You see," he continued, after an awkward pause, and looking fixedly on the table, "I think of retiring from business; not that I am actually worn out or tired of it, but Agnes wishes it."

I brokenly replied that it would give me great pain to part from him.

"Ah, well," he said, "I hope we can arrange matters satisfactorily. I shall then often be here. We need not call it parting."

It might not, I urged, interrupting him, be possible for me to continue under his successor.

"If," he said, smiling, "you did not talk a little faster than usual, but would let me have my say out, I should show you it rests with yourself whether you will be that successor."

I felt a strange and sudden pang of hope, but was so unable at the moment to grasp the full meaning of such a great offer, that I bowed and remained silent.

"Yes," he went on, "if you like you shall just quietly change places with me. It is quite due to you to offer it. You have worked with me long, and being now quite independent, I can afford to make it."

"You are far too good," was all I could articulate.

"Not at all; not at all. Thus much for myself, then; and on Agnes's part I want to make over to you the lease and a great portion of the furniture of our house, as a mark of her regard—of her gratitude, indeed—for your care and patience with me through all these years."

I was now thoroughly bewildered. I said I did not understand. Did he, then, think of leaving London?

"Don't you know?" he said. "Is it possible you've not heard, that Agnes is going to be married?"

I could not speak. It was a moment of matchless agony. Shall I ever in my life know pain again like this? I read one day in the faces of others that I am about to die; or maybe, some kind friend will gently warn me that the shadow of the Great Angel passes by; that his foot is in the house; but shall I then feel, as when more than life was passing from me, even its light and brightness, as when on my bewildered sense and anguished heart fell the words like a doom—

"Agnes is going to be married?"

"I wonder you did not know," Mr. Ludlow continued; "they were engaged before she went to Nice. Mr. Digby is rector of M—, and I've agreed to live with them. Agnes, indeed, won't be married on any other terms. Now," he continued, with a kindness, of which even at that pass, I was sensible, "Mr. Digby dines with us to-night. Come home and I will introduce you to him." The first time in all those years he had

its cares—if the better, yet the worse also. And what more could I want? I had that comfortable parlour at Kensington, a landlady whose interest in me was truly maternal, a nice circle of acquaintance, a latchkey, and liberty!

Yes, what more could I, I used to say, as a reasonable man, require? If I was but forty pounds a year richer than when I asked for pretty Annie, I was at least so much wiser as to feel with her worthy papa, that I was in no position to marry, and that I could not with propriety ask any lady of my own rank in life to share with me the Kensington parlour. Experience had taught me that people are much more likely to be happy in marriage with easy and assured means, than those struggling with that most miserable class of poverty called genteel; and I came to regard the enticing a girl to suffer in such a lot in the light of a felonious act, which I neither could nor would commit. The grapes were very sour, so sour indeed, that I altogether ceased to long for them. About the period to which I now allude I had been ten years in Mr. Ludlow's office, and I had never had one chance of bettering my position; my small salary rose but forty pounds in that time. Still, I knew I was fairly paid, and that my services were probably not worth more to my employer. I felt I wanted but the opportunities of other men to be able to fill their posts, and that I was one of those who are ever on Fortune's blind side, or lacking the right friend to give me a favourable introduction to the goddess. Mr. Ludlow's conduct to me had ever been the most considerate, but, although I cannot say he treated me as an inferior, there was that in his manner which marked the difference in our positions; its very politeness and entire absence of all familiarity tended to show it, quite as much as the fact of his occupying the inner closet of the office. I felt I always knew, but I often wished he would treat me more as a friend.

In this year of which I now write he passed through life's heaviest sorrow, in the loss of his wife. Her health had for a long time been delicate, and as a precautionary measure it was recommended she should pass that winter in Italy. For a short time her daughter, who accompanied her, wrote cheering accounts, but one day there came sharp and sudden tidings, on which Mr. Ludlow instantly set out to join them; arriving, alas! but in time to hear, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes." I sat at home grieving, too, in my measure, for it is in the nature of the

tainly, I suppose the best reply I can give to that question is to state that "Alder's German and English Dictionary," which is used as a standard text-book in the principal colleges in the country, was written in the Bloomingdale Asylum by a person of insane mind. I might also mention a number of standard text-books which were written in that institution; and I will state, as a conclusive fact, that one of the leading newspapers of New York is principally edited in the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, and the leading editorial is written three or four times a week by a person of unsound mind confined in that institution.

We have now before us complete copies of most of the "mad" publications we have enumerated, and it is to a banquet on the strange and varied literary fare they provide, we would ask the attention of our fair readers. This is all we propose to do, so that the most determined opponent of anything either long or dry need not be alarmed. We have no intention whatever of attempting to follow into all its minute bearings the nice question of what really constitutes sanity or insanity. We are not prepared to state the numerous ingenious views that have been advanced as to how far many of our geniuses and poets may be held to have been sane; that is a *quæstio reata* which is altogether beside our purpose. A lunatic writing for the *Murray Asylum Journal*, and who prefaces his remarks by the statement that he does not pretend to be sane, thus expresses his opinion on the matter: "With many who are better qualified to judge, we incline to the opinion that all people are more or less insane, i.e., that there are *none*, who do not, at some time, or in some respects, come short of the standard of perfect sanity; so that in the case of individuals, it is not a question of absolute sanity, or the reverse, but of *kind and degree*. We believe there is truth in this theory; at all events it finds favour among the inmates of asylums." How often, too, outside asylums it has been vigorously and authoritatively urged that "Great wits to madness are allied." Julius Cæsar and Napoleon I., Bossuet and Molière, Newton and Madame de Staël, Pascal and Mahomet, have one and all, in turn, been instanced in support of this encouraging doctrine: "Was not Luther said to be mad? Was not Socrates mad, in whose ears a demon constantly whispered what he should do? Numa could not have been of sound mind, inasmuch as a certain nymph, whom he called Egeria, appeared to him in a cavern. Would not such an acknowledgment be a decisive 'fact' in any medical certificate? We say nothing of George Fox; or of Ignatius Loyola, that 'erant, shatter-brained, visionary fanatic.' Of Oliver Cromwell's grievous madness some minds will entertain no doubt. Did not a spectre appear to him in the open day, and a strange woman open the curtains of his bed at night, to predict to him that he should be King of England? Moreover, he was subject to uncontrollable fits of laughter on serious occasions. 'One that was at the battle of Dunbar,' says Aubrey, 'told me that Oliver was carried on by a Divine impulse. He did laugh so excessively, as if he had been drunk. The same fit of laughter seized him just before the battle of Naseby.' But we must make an end of instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely; and will plunge at once into the society of ladies unmistakably mad, by all the rules and canons there were ever applied to define madness. It is among such that many a noble being, many a fine sensibility, is to be found; and as we contemplate them, we are made to realise how narrow often is the line between sanity and insanity, between genius and madness!

The Crichton Asylum, to which we have already referred, is in Dr. Jeffrey's, under the superintendence of Dr. Gilchrist, Dr. Stewart, and other physicians, and has accommodation for upwards of 400 patients. It was within these walls that, some fifteen years ago, a neat 12mo. volume of some seventy pages first saw the light. It was entitled "Songs in the Night," and had on the title-page as a motto the short but, under the circumstances, strikingly expressive words, "Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage." (Psalm cxix. 54.) The book was published anonymously, the only mark of identification which it bears being the initials "M. W." on the first leaf. We may state, however, that the author is a lady who for many years was a patient in the Crichton Royal Institution; and though not at this moment actually an inmate of this asylum, she is still—or at least was when last we inquired—isolated from her friends, and under medical supervision in the neighbourhood. It is worthy of remark, too, that the work itself was printed at the Crichton Asylum press by a Mr. William Shields, who was then and is still, we believe, a patient in the institution. It was published in 1854, but is now quite out of print. The writer has, curiously enough, dedicated it to Dr. W. A. F. Browne, the then medical superintendent, as "a token of esteem and gratitude."

Of the twenty-one distinct poems which the volume contains, and which are mainly of a religious character, we will give a few representative pieces. We have italicised the lines which seem to us most forcibly to evince the author's power or idiosyncrasy.

The following stanzas, from a poem headed "To ———," remind one of Hood's beautiful lines to his daughter on her birthday, commencing, "Dear Fanny! nine long years ago," and concluding with the wish—

So may'st thou live, dear! many years
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
Too strictly kept.

TO ———.

I ask not that no trace of care
May linger on thy brow;
That health, and wealth, and ease may be
Thy constant portion now.

I ask not that affection's tear
May never dim thy eye,
Nor suffering cause thy bleeding heart
To raise one mournful sigh.

I ask not, in my prayer for thee,
That riches, fame, and power,
May with their magic hold thee round
Throughout life's transient hour.

Oh, no! for thee my wishes rise
So high, they will not stay
To fold the wing on earthly joys,
That pass so soon away.

For thee my fervent prayer ascends
To Him who dwells above,
That He may fill thee with His grace
And bless thee with His love.

I pray that songs of joy and praise
May, in thy saddest hours,
Float o'er thy soul like angel tones,
Borne from immortal bowers.

I pray that, in thy dying hour,
The Saviour may be near,
Thy sinking frame to sweetly soothe,
Thy failing heart to cheer.

From a graceful poem, entitled, "God is Love," we cite the opening verse, as exhibiting the bent of the writer's mind. It is the teaching of one who has evidently known the ministry of Sorrow, who has supped with her, and often seen her dark mantle trailing in the dust.

O Saviour! does my heart repine
That there is no sweet home for me,
Upon this lovely earth of thine,
Where I might glad and happy be?
And do I weary at Thy rod,
And think its chastisement severe?
Still let me cling to thee, my God,
And may Thy love my spirit cheer.

For there remains a blissful rest
Of love and joy when pain shall cease;
And those who are in Jesus blest,
Shall enter into perfect peace.
Oh! may I reach that bright abode,
And join the happy choir above;
Then shall I bless the chast'ning rod,
And know indeed that "God is love."

Here is a poem on the death of a little child, which for quiet, even flow of verse and chastened beauty of sentiment, might almost be placed in company with Tennyson's "May Queen." Certainly it equals, even in power, many of Mrs. Hemans's minor pieces. Mrs. Sigourney might have written it.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Thou seemest ever near, my child, still leaning on my breast,
Where thou hast been so often clasped, in childhood's peaceful rest;
I think I feel thy cherub face; how fondly prest to mine!
Thy little arms, so firm and strong, that round my neck would twine.

And thou wast once so lovely, with thy clustering, silken hair,
Thy flashing eye, thy cheek of rose, and brow so white and fair.

Thy sprightly, buoyant form that seemed for ever on the wing,
Thy thrilling laugh and song that made our home with music ring.

And thou wast early trained to bow before God's throne in prayer,

In our beloved Saviour's name, to seek His blessing there.
And sweetly didst thou warble forth thy evening song of praise,
To Him whose love and goodness crowned thy bright and pleasant days.

And do I weep, my child, that thou art parted from my sight,
To dwell with blessed angels in a world of joy and light?
Safer than thy fond mother's heart is Abraham's holy breast,
To lean thy loving spirit on, in happiness and rest.

I will not mourn, my blessed child, for I shall go to thee;
Though thou wilt never, never more, return again to me.
For thou art sheltered in the ark, my precious little dove,
Safe in the far-off, happy land, where all is peace and love.

Oh, may I meet thee there, amidst the band of angels bright,
Thyself a little angel, with thy robe of heavenly white.
Then, in the Paradise of God shall we together dwell,
And with our harps of gold unite His endless praise to swell.

Is it not a true womanly feeling, fair reader, which thus finds expression in the words, "Thyself a little angel"? Few mothers who have been called to keep sad vigil by the cot of their little one, to them the "wee white rose of all the world," as it has gently sighed its soul away, would, in their own deep inner consciousness, so readily embrace the teaching of Longfellow's beautiful poem commencing

Not as a child shalt thou again behold her,
as they would gather strength to bear their present crushing sorrow in the thought of meeting the "loved and lost," as another pen, a mother's, has promised:—

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet—
O heaven were dark were children wanting there;
I hope to clasp my bud, as when I wore it,
A dimpled baby fair.

Though years have flown, toward my blue-eyed daughter
My heart yearns oftentimes with a mother's love;
Its never-dying tendrils now enfold her
E'en as a child above.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD WIFE.—The following old recipe for the choice of a wife seems a very good one:—

"As much of beauty as preserves affection,
Of modest diffidence as claims protection,
A docile mind subservient to correction,
A temper led by reason and reflection,
And every passion kept in due subjection,
Just faults enough to keep her from perfection;
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection."

TOILETTE OF ELDERLY LADIES.—In the case of ladies who grow old—for the sad fact must be admitted, after all, that they do grow old—the duty of attention to personal appearance is even more obligatory than in the case of gentlemen. Women make a great mistake when they imagine that the burden of years excuses them from the necessity of doing themselves justice in the matter of dress. It was a lady who made the remark that many women never are handsome until they grow old—a remark the pertinence and truth of which must have struck every observant person who has lived long in the world. But let the elderly lady be handsome! There is a beauty in age itself which she can make hers, if she chooses, by the cultivation of the sterling feminine graces, and which she can assuredly enhance by simplicity, neatness, and propriety of costume.—*American*.

Theatres and Amusements.

COVENT GARDEN.—Various Operas. Half-past Eight.
HAYMARKET.—An Alarming Sacrifice.—Home.—A Regular Fix.—High Life Below Stairs. Seven.
ADELPHI.—Domestic Economy.—(At Eight) The Dead Heart. Seven.
FRANCIS.—The House on the Bridge.—(At a Quarter to Ten) Presumptive Evidence. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Slasher and Crasher.—The Ticket-of-Leave Man. Seven.
ST. JAMES'S.—Nos Bons Villagers. Half-past Eight.
GLOBE.—Naval Engagement.—(At Half-past Eight) The Corsican "Bothers"—A Breach of Promise. Seven.
STRAND.—Fox versus Goose.—Joan of Arc.—Hue and Dye. Half-past Seven.
PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Winning Hazard.—(At Eight) School.—A Lama Excuse. Half-past Seven.
GAIETY.—Dreams.—(At Half-past Nine) Columbus.—Ballet.—2 A.M. Seven.
HOLBORN.—The Mistress of the Mill.—(At Eight) Money. Half-past Seven.
NEW ROYALTY.—In for a Holiday.—(At a Quarter-past Eight) A Roving Commission.—The Military Billy Taylor.—Cadeau Du Val. Half-past Seven.
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.—Grand Promenade Concerts every Evening, at Eight. Morning Orchestral Concerts, Wednesday and Thursday, at Half-past Two.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.
POLYTHEATRE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels; thirty-five performers. Wednesday and Saturday, Three. Evenings, Eight.
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, REGENT STREET.—Christy's; 100 performers. The Largest Ethiopian Troupe in the World. Every Evening, at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday at Three and Eight.
MADAME TESSARD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MAY 30. SUNDAY.—First Sunday after Trinity.
31. Monday.—Sun sets 8.4 P.M. All day or twilight.
JUNE 1. Tuesday.—Sun rises, 3.51 A.M.
2. Wednesday.—Last quarter moon, 7.22 A.M.
3. Thursday.—Prince George of Wales born, 1865.
4. Friday.—Clock after sun, 1m. 59sec.
5. Saturday.—Jupiter rises 2.17 A.M.

Our Letter Basket.

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the Principal Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

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* Our next portrait will be that of Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

EDITOR (Dunstable).—If you will refer to your back numbers you will find full directions for skeletonising and mounting leaves; also for drying and preserving flowers. If you have not the numbers by you, you will be able to obtain them of our publisher, or through your own bookseller.

M.E.L.—The recipe to prevent calico from fading is to soak the dress fifteen minutes before washing in a pail of water in which a teaspoonful of sugar of lead has been dissolved.

NELLIE.—Sponge your crape with alcohol, and dry by spreading over a smooth surface.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Make a gored Gabrielle of the check silk for your little girl; ruffle it and make a white muslin over-sleeve belted and looped with rosettes. The black silk should have an upper skirt and waist of plain black silk.

M.C.—Round the front of your poisonous skirt from the belt down, and loop in the centre of the back. Piqué, linen, percale, and muslin dresses made high Gabrielle's belted in, or else low-necked with a saque or round cape, are worn by girls of three years.

VERY RECENT SUBSCRIBER.—Add half a yard to the length of your short dresses to form a train. Cut your dress square in front only. The French call both high and low waists chemise Russe—pronounced *Ruse*. Get a gay grenadine and trim it with blue bindings.

M.C.—Simply shorten your piqué skirt. The jacket will answer. Straw trimming is still used on black grenadine. Make your lawn dress with short double skirt, and it will answer both for house and street. Grey trimmed with green is very stylish.

H.M.F.—Swiss Muslin. Make with trained skirt and tunic trimmed with three fluted ruffles, each a finger deep. Surplice waist formed entirely of lengthwise puffs and bands of insertion or tucks.

EVA ST. A.—Make your granite poplin with two skirts and a fichu trimmed with gathering ruffles, bound with blue silk. Trim your muslin dress with many fluted ruffles on skirt, sleeves, and cash.

JANE SMITH.—If your silk is valuable, and you fear benzine will destroy the delicate colour, you had better take your dress to a professional scourer. Champagne stains are difficult to remove.

M.P.—A morning dress of white alpaca, trimmed as you suggest with lilac silk, would be suitable for a bride in half-mourning. Trim the lilac silk dress with white satin quill-borders and lace. Put puffs of the same or of silk on your barge instead of using crape.

PICTURE.—We are not at liberty to disclose the names of authors or artists who do not sign their productions.

MRS. H. S. C.—The handsome cloak for an infant is two large capes of white cashmere embroidered and fringed. Fine white piqué is in the same way for summer. The cap or turban is of Valenciennes lace and embroidery. Infants' under-skirts are slightly sloped at the top.—For your little daughter get a white crinoline hat trimmed with pink or blue quilted ribbon and a spray of rose-buds.

L. M. N.—Trim your blue wrapper with a silk ruche down the seams, front, and back to the knee, where a bow ends it. You may wear a round hat ordinarily, as it is becoming and convenient, but as you are married a bonnet is best for church, formal visits, and ceremonious occasions. The Watteau bonnet, as a kind of puffed fanchon, will suit to wear with your curls. To be stylish, your back hair should be curled and put in a net, placed high on the head, and short curled ends allowed to fall over the top of the chignon.

FANNIE W.—The "articles of food and drink to be avoided by one whose complexion is apt to wear a greasy appearance, and who is also annoyed by black specks on the nose and chin, and occasional pimples," should be those which are not too inflammatory or difficult of digestion. The diet should be simple but nutritious. Stimulants of all kinds should be used with moderation, and no strong tea or coffee drunk. Rich pastry and hot cakes must not be indulged in. You should content yourself with one meal a day. Butter

used in moderation will not harm you. Cold bathing, brisk rubbing, and active exercise are essential.

MISS S.—The chromatic colour-boxes used to be 16s. and 21s. You had better write to Mr. Barnard, artists' colourman, Great Titchfield-street, enclosing a stamped envelope, and enquire; probably he has cheaper boxes prepared.

MARIAN.—Take half a pound of butter or good beef dripping, beat it into a cream with your hand before the fire, beating one way always. Have all your ingredients ready to put in at once; mix quickly, and place in a hot oven without delay. The other ingredients are half a quarter of flour, one ounce of caraway seeds, or quarter of a pound of currants well washed and dried on the oven; a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda (carbonate), and a quarter of tartaric acid, and half a quarter of salt; mix these very thoroughly in a quarter of a pound of moist sugar. Mix the cake with water into an easy dough.

FABIAN.—The mat we gave last week would look very pretty with the leaves cut in velvet and beaded with small pearls. Do not allow two gosses to meet at the back of a dress, a breadth should separate them.

LADY.—For the sore throat make decoction of sage, or sage-tea as some call it. Bottle a pint of it—twentyworth of sage. Pour two tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar on two of honey, and add it to. This also makes a nice summer beverage. 2. For general debility and rheumatism, forty grains of quinine dissolved in a few drops of sulphuric acid, and added to a quart wine bottle of water, preferring a white glass bottle. Dose for a grown person—a wineglass three parts full twice or thrice a day. For age, or low fever, this is also excellent.

AMATEUR.—We know of no painter named J. Van Harlem. Probably the picture may be painted by an ancient Dutch painter, named Theodore Van Harlem, born at Harlem about the year 1410. His principal work is an altar piece, at Leyden, of our Saviour, with two folding doors, with figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, life size. He died 1470; aged about sixty. There was also a Cornelius Harlem, who painted history, and died in 1638, aged seventy-six. We can give no idea of the value of the picture alluded to.

Our Exchange.

We again print the "regulations" of this department for the benefit of new subscribers:—

1. All letters for this column should be marked outside the envelope with the word "Exchange," and addressed to the Editor, at 102, Fleet-street. No charge will be made for the use of the "Exchange."

2. Advertisements should be clearly written, and should be worded as briefly as possible. The "Exchange Column" being for the convenience of private persons, and only for the exchange of fancy articles, works of art, &c., wearing apparel, whether old or new, is excluded; nor can any article for sale be announced.

3. Writers not wishing their names to appear in print may adopt any pseudonym they please for publication; but it is absolutely necessary, to prevent deception or mistake, and to facilitate the forwarding of letters, that the real name and address in all cases be communicated to the Editor, and the pseudonym once adopted by the writer consistently adhered to.

4. Every letter intended to be forwarded must be sent, under cover, to the Editor, properly stamped, and with the pseudonym of the writer as well as that of the person for whom the packet is intended, clearly written at the top of the envelope.

5. No weighty parcels of any kind are to be sent to the office of the paper; nothing but stamps, crests, and such things as can be conveniently exchanged in envelopes. In all other cases, the names and addresses of ex-changers must be ascertained, that the packets may be sent direct.

I HAVE a velvet overcoat suitable for a boy from eight to twelve years old, quite new; would like offers.—BETA.

I HAVE a beautiful short frock for a child, richly trimmed with real lace; what will anyone give for it?—BETA.

CELIA has a cruet dress suspender made with the best steel springs, worth 14s.; is willing to exchange.

ADA will give a large-sized new blind, dark green linen of the finest quality, suitable for a single wide window, in exchange for a coloured tablecloth, new or otherwise. A cloth one preferred.

I will give "This Life is all Chequered," words by J. Moore, music by Stevens, and "There Comes a Time," words by Moore, music by Bishop, for the "Sandra of Dee," by Hullah, not to be torn or soiled. The songs offered are new.—SHAMROCK.

We have forwarded letters to "Turk" and "Quiz."

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1869.

SOME weeks ago, in a short paragraph, we told the story of a lost child who was taken away some years previously by a woman, who had been secured by the police and was committed for trial. The case has come on again at the Manchester City Sessions, when the woman, Margaret Smith, a professional tramp, who has been well-known by the sobriquet of "Liverpool Peg," pleaded "Guilty" to the indictment charging her with having at Liverpool, in December, 1860—more than eight years ago—stolen one Mary Ann Welsh, a child of the age of two years, with intent to deprive one Ann Welsh, her mother, of the possession of the said child. It appeared that the prosecutrix, at the time the child was stolen, kept a stand in St. John's-market, and one evening in December, 1860, as she was coming away from the market in company with the child in question, prisoner stole the child. In March last, while prosecutrix was in Warrington, she accidentally mentioned the circumstances to another woman, who told her that her child had been stolen by Liverpool Peg, and that the child was then in an industrial school at Manchester. She at once went to Manchester and found her child at the Ardwick Industrial School, to which she had been sent by the city magistrates. It appeared that the prisoner had taught the child to steal, and that she had been in the habit of ill-treating her when the child returned home without any plunder. The prisoner was sentenced to penal servitude for seven years.

Bradford was all excitement on Monday, and not without reason, for it had become known for many

days previously that the ladies of Bradford intended to hold a meeting for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Miall, M.P., whom they have been largely instrumental in getting returned; and that gentlemen were not to be admitted. The rumour proved substantially correct, and on Monday night the novel meeting came off. Between 4,000 and 5,000 ladies met in St. George's-hall, and presented to Mr. Miall, a handsome testimonial, consisting of a library of reference of about 400 volumes, a handsome timepiece and candelabra for Mrs. Miall, and a pianoforte of 115 guineas for their daughter. With the exception of the hon. gentleman and the representatives of the press, the audience consisted exclusively of ladies; but, after the first feeling of novelty and nervousness were off, those present became enthusiastic, and clapped their hands and waved their kerchiefs with an earnestness which would have done no discredit to the male sex. Mr. Miall, in acknowledging the presentation, made a long speech. In closing his remarks he said:—

It has been the fashion of man to degrade woman by lord-ing it over her; and, of course, to justify himself in doing this, has assumed that the political sphere is a sphere altogether apart from that in which woman ought to move. We have our first lessons in morality from the mouths of our mothers, and we have our chief support in adversity in the arms and bosoms of our wives; and he is a man who can accomplish little in this world, however he may set his heart upon the triumph of the right, who does not link with him the fond, the pure, the affectionate consoling of woman. Happy will be the day in England—happy will be the day throughout the world—when woman takes her real and proper position—when she stands in that respect as in others, the help-mate of man, when her pure instincts shall always be exercised to detect wrong and injustice wherever it exists, and when all her emotions of love and pity, of hope and joy, shall express themselves in those objects in which her husband, or her brother, or her son, as the case may be, is deeply interested. We shall have gentler politics when the gentle sex take to politics as they should—not party politics, not the distinction between "tweedledum and tweedledee"—not that line of politics which simply determines who shall be in and who shall be out; but the welfare of the nation in its national capacity. I look forward to the time, not perhaps so near, but still not so remote, but that possibly it may be witnessed by some even in this assembly, when woman will cease to be employed in those works—rough, hard, toilsome, exhausting works—in which she is engaged now in order to contribute her part towards the maintenance of her children. The time will come, I trust, when neither in the factory nor in other great shops of industry will women's work be needed; when husbands will be sufficiently remunerated for their toil—when capital and labour will have become so far reconciled one to another as that men may do the work of men, and women may be spared that work in order that they may the more fully preside over the work of the household. It will be a blessed day for you, and for all women when such is the case. There will be more refinement of manner, there will be more enjoyment of soul, there will be more enlargement of the intellect, there will be better and purer cultivation of the emotions of the heart. We were condemned to work; you have been appointed rather to help us who work by your sympathy, your providence, your care, and your love. I believe that we are not so very far distant from the realisation of this order appointed by Providence as the present aspect of society would lead us to suppose. As a rate of progress let us all work heartily towards that great and beneficent end.

Mr. Miall concluded his address amidst applause.

The *Times* of Monday, in the course of a sensible article on Mr. Forster's late speech on the Endowed Schools Bill, refers incidentally to the bearing of the measure on the gentler sex, and states its belief that the proposal which has been introduced into the Endowed Schools Bill to extend the benefits of endowments to girls is a step towards the removal of a reproach to the common sense of the age. This country is most abundantly and redundantly endowed for men and boys, as if they were unable to take care of themselves, whereas there is little—indeed nothing, one may almost say—for that which is contemptuously called the weaker sex. Every lad enters the world with the idea that somebody living or dead is to find a good berth for him, with a prospect of promotion, while his sisters have not even the opportunity of living by their wits, should they happen to have any. The natural result is an immense trade's union of male against female, beginning from the age at which a boy can be a founder, or a chorister, or a midshipman. The cry of "Woman's Rights" may have gained this small concession. When we remember the stand taken by the *Times* on this subject a few years ago, we cannot but accept this liberal outburst as a pledge that questions affecting women will not in the future be deemed satisfactorily settled either by a jest or sneer.

Miss Faithful, of the Victoria Press, Princes-street, Hanover-square, has just issued a prospectus notifying the formation of a new society for the benefit of women, to be entitled the "Ladies Work Society," its object being to endeavour to procure work for ladies, and to be the means of offering it to the public for sale. It has been found by experience that such an institution is needed, for the long list of "reduced gentlewomen" seems not to lessen, but daily to increase, and many who would gladly earn an honest independence, and have the energy and ability to do so, have no way open to them. The sale of any ladies' work is difficult because such have to pay for their materials the usual retail price; and there seems to be so little variety in the work done, that the market is overstocked almost as much as it is with gowns. To obviate these drawbacks this society proposes to furnish its members with materials

at wholesale prices; and to point out a greater variety of labour. Classes also for instructions in diverse kinds of work will be opened as soon as sufficient names are received to form a class, and prizes will be offered for any new designs. The following rules for membership have been drawn up: 1. Subscription annually, five shillings. 2. The percentage received by the society on the article sold not to exceed twopence on the shilling. 3. No members to send more than six articles of work at a time, except for a double subscription. 4. A sale to be held quarterly by the society of all work which has remained too long on hand. These are the leading details of the proposed society, and there can be no doubt as to there being ample scope for the operations of such an institution, if efficiently managed. That "if," however, is of vital import; unless such a scheme be wisely and energetically directed, it is more likely to prove a snare than a blessing to the thousands of ladies who would feel thankful for the aid it might afford. This much we may say at present: we like the look of the prospectus, it seems to have been drawn up by a practical hand, and we cordially wish the promoters every success.

Many months ago, when rather gloomy views were set forth by many writers as to our food prospects, we expressed our conviction as to a coming period of cheap bread. Those predictions have been verified even to a greater extent than we expected; for we find that the average price of wheat had declined at May-day, 1869, to 4s. 9d. per quarter, while the corresponding average at the commencement of May, 1868, was 7s. 2d. per quarter, showing that wheat is now nearly 30s. per quarter lower than it was twelve months since. The question which, of course, next arises is, what are the prospects of the future? and the answer is, that they are excellent. The growing wheats generally present a favourable appearance in France, and when bread is plentiful in France it is cheap in Europe. In our own country, also, the appearance of the fields is encouraging, and in the language of Mr. James Sanderson, "there is now the promise of abundant grain as well as green crops." Further, the great sums paid for Hungarian wheat during the last two or three years have given an apparently enduring stimulus to Hungarian agriculture, so that the deliveries of wheat from Hungary may be expected to continue large. The extension of railway communication in Russia must favour the exportation of wheat from that country, while the contemplated abolition of the 1s. duty now levied on corn imported into the United Kingdom must have the effect of rendering foreign supplies generally 1s. per quarter cheaper. Everything, then, promises a continuance of cheap bread. Of course, a war with the United States—which in calculations of this kind cannot be quite put out of the question—would very much alter the aspect of affairs, but at present we do not think the chance of such a catastrophe very great.

Two cases that have been heard before the magistrates within the last four days supply a hint to housewives that should not be lost upon them. In the first case John Savill, thirty-three, coal carman, living in Little Archer-street, Camden-town, was charged at Worship-street Police-court with having stolen four sacks of coals, value 6s. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner was in the service of a coal merchant residing at the Midland Coal Wharf, St. Pancras-station, and that on the previous day he was entrusted with two tons of coals to deliver to the Aberted Bread Company in the Cambridge-road. While the prisoner had gone down to the cellar with the first sack, those in the van were counted, and it was found there were only sixteen there. On inquiry being made it was found that the three missing sacks had been placed, empty and rolled up, into the fourth, which was made up by placing about a bushel of coals on the top of the sacks. In the other case Thomas Milson and John Boyd, carmen, in the employ of Messrs. Lockett and Juddins, coal merchants, of Upper Thames-street, were charged at Guildhall, on remand, with stealing a ton of coals, belonging to their employers. Boyd was instructed to get four tons of coals, and Milson two tons, and take them to Mr. Du Pré, of Portland-place. Milson was sent off about an hour before Boyd, but arrived at Portland-place shortly after him, drew up by the side of Boyd's van, and commenced unloading. Mr. Du Pré's butler, Garner, having observed that there was only one ton of coals in Milson's van, refused to sign the receipt for two, but signed Boyd's receipt for four tons. One of the men asked him to look over it that time, and Milson would bring him another ton the next day, but the butler refused to do so. Milson pleaded guilty, and Boyd pleaded not guilty. Sir Robert Carden committed them both for trial, and refused to take bail for Boyd. The prosecutors' solicitor said it was a common thing for the men to steal a sack or two at a time, but now they had become so emboldened by success that they were stealing them by the ton.

George Sand was recently offered the managing editorship of a new Paris daily at a very large salary, but declined, saying she needed repose.

New Music.

SONGS, ETC.

"Wishes." Words by Mrs. M. V. A. Music by W. H. Holmes. (Duff and Stewart, 147, Oxford-street, W.)
 "How Beautiful is Sunshine." Serenade. Words from the Spanish. Music by Bessie L'Evesque. (Duncan, Davison, and Co., 244, Regent-street.)
 "Where the Sun shines Brightest." Words by Rosa Anna Gann. Music by Bessie L'Evesque. (Davison and Co.)

WISHERS.—This is a really attractive song, satisfactory alike in words and music, a somewhat rare thing now-a-days. The former, it is true, might be more vigorous, but the thoughts they express are pleasing, and the accentuation is good. They certainly contain, moreover, lines infinitely superior to the "Would I were a bird" twaddle that has been so popular, as the following extract will prove:—

"I wish I were the tenderness
 That clings around thy heart;
 I wish I were thy purity,
 That we might never part."

As for the music, it is simple and tenderly melodious, without being mawkish; and while so arranged that the best trained singer might find scope in it to display her voice and art, the least experienced young lady need not fear to attempt it. The title-page informs us that it has been sung by Miss Robertine Henderson.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS SUNSHINE.—The music of this serenade is slight but pleasing, with a lightsome, spirited touch, in the accompaniment especially, that renders it exceedingly suitable to the words. The latter are worth quoting:—

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS SUNSHINE.
 How beautiful is sunshine
 That follows after rain,
 How pleasant are the dreams of ease
 When purchased by a pain;
 How sweet when true love quarrels,
 To make it up again.

How merry is the streamlet
 That has a rock to leap,
 How blessed is the daily toil
 That brings refreshing sleep;
 Then prithce, love, a quarrel!—
 But neither long nor deep.

How dark would be the morning,
 Had night not gone before;
 How tame would be the summer days,
 Were it not for winter hoar;
 And were our life all pleasure,
 Delight would be no more.

After the dark the dawning
 After the cool the heat,
 After the rain the birds of Spring,
 After the sour the sweet;
 And after all thy chiding,
 Behold me at thy feet.

WHEN THE SUN SHINES BRIGHTEST.—The words of this song are supposed to proceed from the love-inspired throat of a mated bird as he watches the nest containing his little black-eyed darling, and they have been warbled with acceptance by Mdlle. Liebhart. The music requires care in the singing, though it can scarcely be termed difficult. The accompaniment demands a light touch and fair command of the keyboard to do it justice. Key E flat, compass B to F.

INSTRUMENTAL.

"The Christine Valse." By Claudius Herbert Coudrey. Illustrated. (Duff and Stewart.)
 "Fra Diavolo." Transcription operatique, pour piano. Par E. L. Hime. (Duff and Stewart.)
 "Happy Memories." Morceau de Salon. Par Sydney Smith. (Ashdown and Parry, Hanover-square.)
 "Rousseau's Dream." Arranged for the pianoforte by Boyton Smith. (Ashdown and Parry.)
 "Kyrie Eleison, from Mozart's 12th Mass." Arranged for the pianoforte by Boyton Smith. (Ashdown and Parry.)

THE CHRISTINE VALSE.—On the title-page this is described as a "valse brillante," but we scarcely think the piece makes out a legitimate claim to such a description; it is moderately difficult and passably effective in parts, but as a whole is wanting in cohesiveness, and hence falls somewhat flat, and does not fix itself on the memory. The illustration on the first page is a creditable specimen of colour-printing, but it is hardly a portrait of the fair prima donna for whom it does service.

FRA DIAVOLO.—Mr. Hime here presents us with a workmanlike transcription of the more striking passages of Auber's somewhat showy but ever-popular opera. It is rather difficult, it is true, but not sufficiently so to deter any one even of the most ordinary proficiency who is not afraid of a little practice. The passages selected for illustration include the highly tunesome melody, "On Yonder Rock Reclining," with "Young Agnes," "Tis to-morrow," and "Since Life Glides so Fast Away." Many of our readers familiar with Auber's opera will thank us for introducing this piece to their notice.

HAPPY MEMORIES.—This is a capital drawing-room piece, graceful, harmonious, varied in thought and expression, and not too difficult. Sydney Smith is one of those composers, by no means a large class, who combine a perfect knowledge of the resources of the instrument with true musical culture and natural genius; and we believe his popularity therefore to be of a very genuine order.

ROSSEAU'S DREAM AND KYRIE ELEISON.—These arrangements form numbers eight and nine of a series of pieces prepared for the pianoforte under the title of "Souvenirs Charmants." They are carefully fingered and tolerably simple, and may thus be found useful to those not possessed of, or indeed desiring more elaborated arrangements; in other respects they have no particular claim to notice over and above the many settings of these old favourites already before the public.

Musical, Literary, and Art Notings.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI is now in Constantinople with her troupe.

Mr. Longfellow has left Rome on his journey northward. A children's dramatic company is shortly to perform in London. It will be styled the "Living Marionettes." The measures recently decided on concerning the surplus paintings at the Louvre, Paris, have already begun to receive their application, as a first consignment has been made to the provincial museums. Six large chests containing works of art have been sent off into the departments from the Pavillon Daru of the Louvre.

A committee, composed of members selected from the great bodies of the state, will shortly be called on to examine various questions relative to the tax for the poor levied on French theatrical performances, concerts, exhibitions, &c., with the view, not of abolishing the impost, but of discovering means to modify it. The initiative in the affair has been taken by the Emperor.

An experiment was lately made at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, on the application of a substance intended to render tissues, wood, cordage, scenes, &c., incombustible, and was fully successful. The experimentalist walked along in close contact with the footlights, and placed pieces of muslin, linen, string, and other inflammable substances—previously prepared on the lamp glasses. Not one of them burnt.

The new committee of the Théâtre Français met a few days back to hear a translation in verse of Goethe's *Faust*, by MM. Jean Sicaud, and Pierre Elzéar. The piece has been received with a correction; the practice being not to accept translations on other terms.

Mr. Howard Paul is at present in Paris, arranging for a series of English ballad concerts in costume.

Mdlle. Theresa is said to be about to leave France and make a year's tour in America.

A request has been presented by the Ladies of St. Petersburg to the authorities soliciting permission to found an establishment for the publication of literary works written by women.

Draneth Bey, superintendent of theatres at Cairo, has arrived in Paris to make arrangements in preparation for performances to be given at the inauguration of the Suez Canal. He has just named as manager of the two principal (Italian Opera and Vaudeville) M. Nicole Lablache.

A musical competition, in which 150 composers took part, was recently opened at Würzburg, when the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha gained the third prize with a "Hymn to Peace," the words, in French, being by M. Gustave Oppelt. The piece was executed by 2,000 singers and 90 instruments.

The *Musical Standard* states that Offenbach has returned to Paris after a tour through Italy and Germany.

A monument in honour of Gluck is proposed at Weidenwang, the native place of the composer.

Madame Adeline Patti is expected to return to Paris to sing at the Théâtre Italien in the month of October.

Madame Lucrezia after leaving Berlin betook herself to certain fashionable watering-places for the benefit of her voice.

Madame Rossini is about to part with her interest in all the posthumous compositions of the great master. They are valued at more than fifty thousand francs.

Miss Minnie Hauck has just returned to Paris from Holland, where she has met with great success; she has accepted a two years' engagement at the Grand Opera, Vienna.

"My Holiday in Austria," by Lizzie Selina Eden, is the title of a slight but pleasantly written volume, just published. Miss Eden is, as becomes an Englishwoman, severe on the closed rooms and other hygienic mistakes of the Austrians, and remarks that the women are white and sickly looking, and the children always delicate and half grown. She is really miserable about the "mummy system" of swaddling that babies undergo.

During a concert recently, when the organist was exhibiting the full power of the instrument, a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her neighbour about her household arrangements. She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ, but reckoned without her host this time. The organist made a sudden transition from "fortissimo" to "pianissimo," without giving the lady warning; consequently the audience were somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, that "We cried ours in better."

The last work of Rossini was performed in St. James's hall on Wednesday afternoon last week. It has been heard in Paris ten times, in the chief cities of Italy and Belgium once or more, and at least twice in New York. London waited patiently and made no outcry because its turn came late.

The right of performance belonging to Mr. Gye, an efficient band and chorus from the Royal Italian Opera, were at command. The same establishment also supplied the principal singers, Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Scalchi, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley, as well as the conductor, Signor Arditi. One result and advantage is obvious. Accustomed to work together, the entire force was well under control, and could do what had to be done with confidence.

Mr. Dickens gives some account of his recent illness. He says: "The public no sooner heard of his serious indisposition, than he was the recipient of all kinds of letters, some inclosing tracts and admonitions, others forms of bequest, and a great number asking for money. One person, who Mr. Dickens thinks the most honest, the most modest, and the least vainglorious of them all, sent him a treatise instructing him how to live four hundred years."

We are looking forward with much interest to John Forster's biography of Walter Savage Landor, now on the eve of publication. It is a comfort to think that the life of the grand old poet, whose last years were spent in half voluntary and half forced exile, should have fallen into such entirely competent hands.

The death was announced on Friday morning last week of Mr. Peter Cunningham. He was the oldest son of Allan Cunningham, the poet, and was born on April 17, 1816. In early life he was presented by the late Sir Robert Peel to a clerkship in the Audit-office, in which he afterwards rose to a high position, but he retired from the public service in 1860. Mr. Cunningham found time for the pursuits of literature. In 1833 he published a "Life of Drummmond, of Hawththorn," with selections from his poetical works; in 1833, "Songs of England and Scotland"; in 1842, a "Handbook to Westminster Abbey"; in 1843, "Life of John Jones"; in 1852, the Shakespeare Society; in 1851, "Modern London"; in 1852, a prefatory memoir of J. M. W. Turner to John Buret's "Turner and his Works"; in the same year, "The Story of Nell Gwynne"; in 1854, "The Works of Oliver Goldsmith," for Murray's Library of British Classics, and "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," for the same work; and in 1857-9, the "Letters of Horace Walpole." Subsequently he was engaged on a new edition of *Parnassus Conjectured*, with the late Right Hon. A. W. C. Croker. He was contributor to the *Athenaeum*, *Fraser's Magazine*, the *Illustrated London News*, *Household*

Words, Notes and Queries, and other periodical works. Mr. Cunningham died at St. Albans.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* announces the death of Mr. G. R. Morton, son of the dramatist George Morton, the author of "All that Glitters is not Gold," grandson of the author of "Speed the Plough," and nephew of Madison Morton. The deceased gentleman was connected with the press of New South Wales, and had been editor of the *Sydney Punch*. He died of consumption.

In our last number we made brief reference to a new volume by Tennyson on the eve of publication. He has been engaged on it it seems since October last, and any one who knows the care which he bestows on his works will not be astonished if we have a little delay. Tennyson is, perhaps, the most fastidious of authors as regards his productions, and has, it is said, a printing press at home, so that his works are composed by his own hands as well as his own head. His copy comes to the publisher in type.

An exhibition of objects of Scandinavian art, and a meeting of artists from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland, will be held on the 14th of June next, by his Majesty King Charles of Gothenburg. The exhibition will comprise—1st, paintings in oil and water colours; 2nd, architectural drawings; 3rd, engravings, lithographs, and woodcuts; 4th, materials for instruction at drawing-schools; and 5th, works executed by pupils in the art of drawing. The exhibition is to last five or six weeks, and the number of contributing artists is already very considerable.

"The excavations at Herculaneum," says the *Giornale di Napoli*, "undertaken by means of the 30,000fr. granted by King Victor Emmanuel, have led to the discovery of a large room, which must have served for a kitchen. In it was a wooden clothes press, entirely carbonised; also fourteen vases, a candelabrum and a lamp, all in bronze, several vessels in glass and terra cotta, a small marble statue of a Faun, and two broken tables, one in marble and the other in slate. Visitors have been very numerous of late to examine these objects."

The latest music-hall novelty is a female negro performer on the trapeze.

A third troupe of Christy Minstrels threatens London next month.

The Viennese orchestra of female musicians is going a tour through North Germany to St. Petersburg. They would be welcomed in London.

Mrs. Dauncey-Maskell, an elocutionist from the provinces, gave last week: "An Evening with the Poets and Humorists," in the Hanover-square Rooms. The lady possesses a voice of good volume and flexibility.

A reward of 5l. has been offered for the recovery of a number of gold coins lately stolen from the poet Cowper's house at Olney.

The new Grand Opéra of Paris is, we are now told, to be opened in 1871. It is, we are assured, "getting on," but *festina lente* must be the motto of architect and builder.

Mr. C. S. Cheltenham, Mr. E. L. Hime, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert are the authors whose drama, operetta, and burlesque will open the Charing-cross Theatre next month.

The death of Herr Molique is announced. He was born in Nuremberg, in 1803, and was consequently sixty-six years old. He was a talented violin player, and an able composer. He wrote four concertos for the violin and one for the violoncello, a mass, and an oratorio, "Abraham," which was produced at the Norwich Festival in 1860, numerous songs, symphonies, trios, and duets.

Miss E. Sandford has, in consequence of a letter written to her by Ouida, the authoress of the "Two Flags," changed the name of her drama, which has been long announced as "The Two Flags," to "The Firefly," and writes a long letter to announce the fact.

Mrs. Stirling will read the *Tempest*, with Arne's music (the solos by Miss E. Wynn) on the 7th of June. Mr. Kingsbury will conduct.

The Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Lowther, who died in February last, has left a legacy of 100l. to the Royal Academy of Music.

Mr. Charles G. Leland has, we believe, just arrived in France by the *Periere*. This distinguished American journalist and author is, perhaps, better known in Europe as Hans Breitmann. Mr. Leland will probably remain in Europe for two years to recruit his health.

The copyright of *Once a Week* is to be sold by auction, by Mr. Hodgson, on the 15th of next month.

Sir Michael Costa has been seriously ill in his house in Eccleston-square. His exertions at the Rossini Festival aggravated his previous bad health.

The Triennial Choral Festival of the National Society will be held in Westminster Abbey on Wednesday next, the 2nd of June. Dean Stanley will preach, and the society will provide its own choir from the well-known training colleges of St. Mark's and Battersea, Mr. Hellmore acting as precentor.

Herr Formes is announced to appear in a series of Shakespearean performances to be given as nearly as possible in the English language. Herr Bandmann is already favourably known as an English actor; so also is Monsieur Fechter, while Mdlle. Celéste has long been renowned among our actresses for her piquant delivery of broken English—an art in which she at one time stood alone, though she has of late years met with formidable rivals in Mdlle. Rose Stellas and Mdlle. Beatrice. We have long depended on foreigners, almost exclusively, for our dramatic literature, so that it is, perhaps, not unfair that foreign actors should now personally take foot-ling on our stage. If they can achieve success in the higher walks of the drama where so many English actors and actresses fail, they certainly do so in spite of very great obstacles, one of which, inability to pronounce the English language, seems, unfortunately, to be insuperable.

Mr. Swinburn, who is at work on his *Tristram and Ysaelt* which, when finished, is intended by its author to exhibit the poetic capabilities of the subject to Mr. Matthew Arnold, who treated it in a volume of his early poems.

The two little boys, Charles and Arthur Le Jeune, who organ playing surprised and delighted the audiences at some of the recent series of the Monday Popular Concerts, gave a morning performance on Saturday last, in St. James's hall, before a very large audience. They were assisted by Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Charles Hallé, the "Quartet Glee Union," and by Mr. Leslie's Choir. Madame Norman-Neron, the lady whose wonderful performance on the violin astonished all who heard her at the Philharmonic Society's last concert, also played a solo, a "Fantasie Caprice" by Vieuxtemps, and a duet with Mr. Charles Hallé—Beethoven's sonata in G. Her appearance upon the stage with the violin in her hand does not look promising, as during the intervals of rest from playing Madame Neruda holds both bow and violin as though she handled them for the first time in her life. Her performance, however, appears all the more marvellous for this, as in purity of tone, correct bowing, execution, finish, her playing is only equalled by Herr Joachim himself.

London & Paris Fashions, Toilet, &c.



trimmed behind with a flounce, starting from just below the waist and forming a train, which loses itself in a deeper flounce, elaborately ornamented with interlacing circular

DESPIKE the promise of a fine genial spring afforded us in April, the season thus far has not proved by any means a brilliant or settled one, and the result has been a reluctance on the part of many ladies to don their light summer attire, in Paris as well as in London, and hence cachemire costumes are still much in favour for toilettes de promenade. They are met with in grey, almond colour, and capucine, and other brilliant shades, the skirt

collar to the mantle. The tablier is trimmed to correspond, and a handsome bow posed behind gathers in the mantle at the waist.

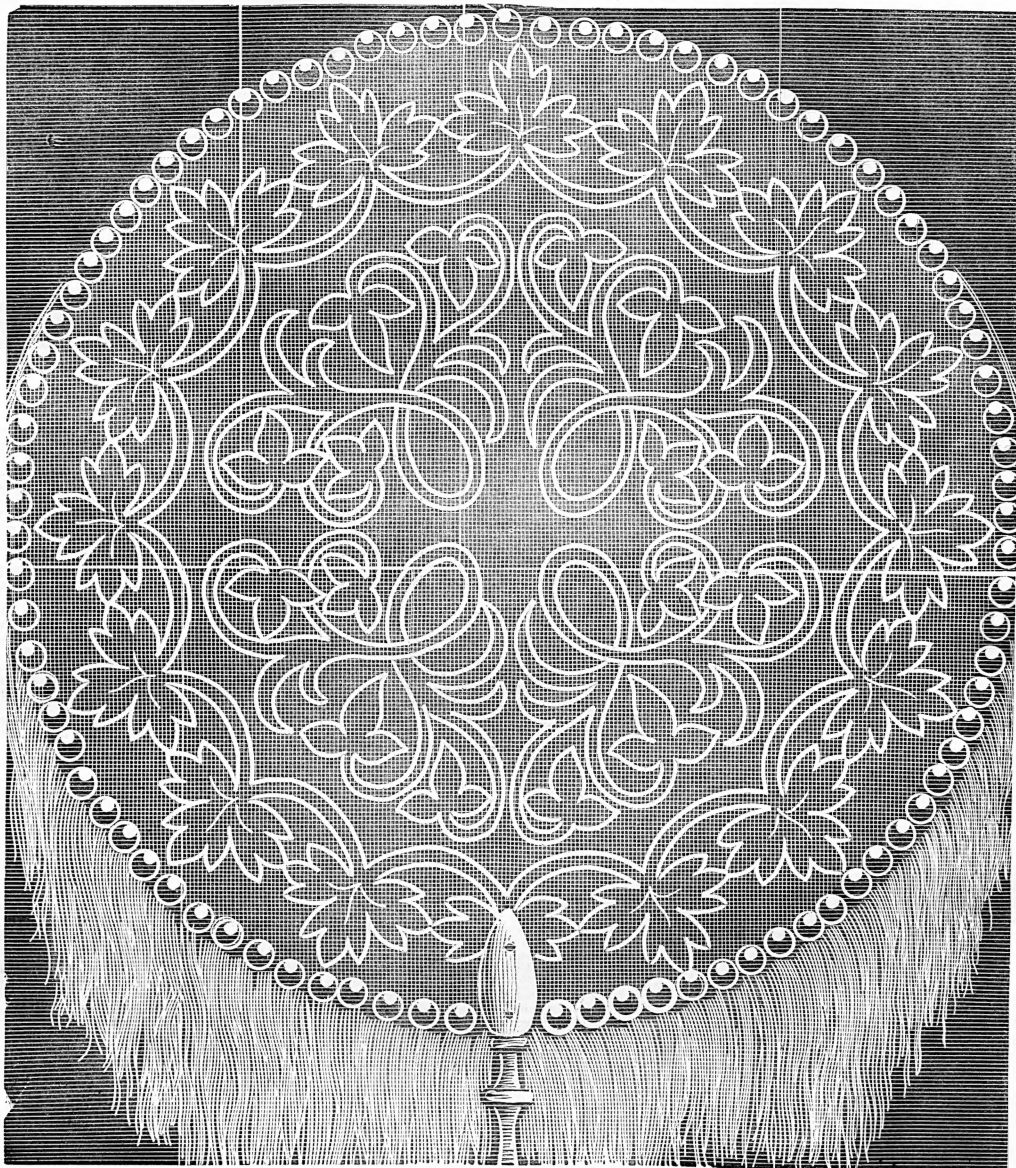
Wide sashes, either of the same material as the dress, or of silk or satin ribbon, are still the indispensable adjunct of every fashionable toilet. The bows are more elaborate than ever, they are formed of a quantity of loops, without ends, or only very short ones, with fringed ends. Small bows of coloured ribbon are also much used in the trimming of mohair, grenadine, gauze, or muslin dresses. The very latest novelty is that the wide sash is placed by a fall of bows, of different materials, satin, poul or gauze, and lace. These bows are not unlike ladders; from the waist down the centre of the panier they are placed in rows thus: four at the top, five or six in the next, and the last row is formed by bows like a fan.

Black lace, embroidered tulle, and light aeroplane crape are materials much used this spring for bonnets. These diaphanous gauzes are lightly puffed over lace frames. A high puff crossing the centre of the bonnet

and is designed for a lady of sixty-five years. It is entirely black, a coiffure of finest Chantilly over a large close frame, with cap-crown stiffened to give the appearance of being filled with hair. A full ruche of lace surrounds the face, and exquisite jet flowers form a kind of coronet. Strings of narrow gros grain ribbon. Another bonnet of black Neapolitan has a bag crown of silk, with embroidered tulle in front and fall of lace behind.

Chignons are still worn high; but coiffeurs talk of a return to classic styles. The front hair is often arranged in large, natural-looking waves instead of being tightly crimped. Thick-plaited coronets are placed in front of the chignon, leaving but little room for crêpes. Curls of all kinds are worn; short, frizzed curls on the forehead; light, airy curls drooping over the chignon; a string of curls down the centre; and long, thick ringlets at the side and beneath.

An experienced hairdresser says, a capital thing for cleansing the hair is the yolk of an egg applied with a



BANNER SCREEN.

ruches, at the bottom of the ordinary skirt. The casaque, of the same material, has large lappets, bordered with flounces with a coquille heading, falling at the sides, and in front a tablier trimmed to match. The cuffs are en suite, and the corsage is ornamented with a row of coques, arranged to simulate large facings. Another cachemire robe has the under jupe trimmed with a couple of silk flounces of the same shade, each being surmounted by a plissé of cachemire, and the upper one being ornamented with perpendicular "pattes," secured at the top and bottom by buttons. The skirts of the casaque—open at the back—are trimmed with a single flounce and plissé. The silk sash fastens with a perfect cluster of little bows behind. With a robe of grey faye, a demi-traine, simply trimmed with a deep flounce surmounted by a biais, a mantle of blue faye is worn, which has simulated sleeves and skirts sloped off in front to show a tablier, and open behind, where it is trimmed with a slightly scalloped flounce edged with deep lace and having a plissé heading, which carried up the front and round the neck forms a

from ear to ear is found to be more generally becoming than a formidable coronet immediately over the forehead. The front of the bonnet fits the head closely, and an edging of blonde falls over the crêpes.

Black lace bonnets are indeed most stylish and serviceable for summer wear. A sensible plan of the Parisian milliners is to send home with the black lace bonnets an aigrette and flower spray of each leading colour, so that the purchaser may adapt her bonnet to any costume. White flowers amidst black lace are much admired. A French bonnet of fine Chantilly lace has a coronet of half-blown pond lilies, with buds and thick dark green leaves. Another, also of Chantilly, with a coronet of satin pansies, was ordered by a brunette of brilliant complexion, to wear with a suit of black gros grain on which were facings of purple satin. For young ladies black embroidered tulle is trimmed with shaded roses and vines of tiny buds not yet open.

Milliners too often fail to provide handsome bonnets for elderly ladies. The following is worthy of description

brush, the scalp being afterward thoroughly bathed with clear water. Ammonia in water is also very cleansing, but we are inclined to believe it turns the hair grey. Many of the nostrums sold as pomade have lead in them, and are deleterious, as we proved a few weeks ago. Beef marrow, as prepared at home, is innocent, and serves the purpose effectually. Long hair that has become tangled during illness is in no danger of coming out if the patient has not had much fever. Moisten it with a little ammonia in water, and comb out the tangles gradually. This should be done by another person, as it is almost impossible to comb the hair one's self without breaking it. A simple remedy, but nothing else is so effective. Do not sacrifice handsome hair when a little care and time will make it all straight again.

White muslin dresses will be the first choice for summer evenings. So elaborate are they that scarcely a vestige of their old-time simplicity remains. A Swiss muslin, made in the most beautiful manner, will serve for a model. The train is bordered with three fluted ruffles a finger

deep. Above these are vandykes of puffs and embroidery. The short over-skirt of six narrow goares, puffed at the top and pointed below, is trimmed with six ruffles. High puffed waist with Valenciennes ruff at the neck. Coat-sleeves with vandyked puffs at top and bottom.

A Swiss dress for a girl of twelve years has the waist and skirt formed entirely of medallions of Valenciennes and em'roiderie in alternate rows separated by fluted ruffles and lace.

Outside garments, or confections, as they say in Paris, are made large enough this season to serve for mantle and over-skirt. An under-skirt or short dress of any material or colour then completes the street costume. For spring confections black gros grain is used; for summer white muslin, guipure net, Spanish blonde, and grenadine or Chambéry gauze, the latter materials being either white or black.

Casques and skeleton garments of white or black grenadine and of Chambéry gauze are made to wear with silk dresses for summer costumes. A Watteau casaque of black Chambéry gauze is trimmed with insertions and edge of guipure lace. This is to be worn over turquoise blue silk. A black grenadine over-dress has a Pompadour corsage, square back and front, Marie Theresa sleeves, and a skirt much puffed at the back. Ruches of Spanish blonde lace for trimming. The dress is pansy-coloured silk, and the suit is for light mourning. A white gauze casaque is trimmed with puffs of the same, studded with knots of green gros grain.

Young ladies will wear white muslin mantles over Chambéry, grenadine, and silk dresses. Valenciennes lace, applique embroidery, and ruffles, both gathered and box-pleated, are the trimming. A surplice mantle without sleeves has the fronts pointed and crossed under the belt. The back is a short loose saque trimmed with a five-inch plaited ruffle edged with Valenciennes. Insertion and lace extend around the front, neck, and arm-holes. Ribbon belt and sash.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BANNER SCREEN.

This is to be worked on white silk with gold braid. The edge is formed of large gold beads, and a fringe is added. The handle of the screen is of gold.

FANCY FLOWER-POT.

To make these pretty ornaments choose well-shaped common flower-pots. Paint them white stone colour, very pale green, pale blue, pale pink, or buff. When this is dry, sketch the design here given with a pencil all round them. Paint the carnation red, and the leaves in shades of green. Varnish with copal, and when quite dry set them in the window filled with plants.

Correspondence.

MY AUNT'S FAILURES.

COMMUNICATED BY MRS. A. WATNEY.—LETTER III.

Dear Mr. Editor.—*Credula res amor est*, as we used to say, if I remember rightly, at Dr. Blackburn's, and love being credulous, aunt Louisa must have been very far gone in love if we are to judge of the strength of her passion by the credulity she displayed in regard to Mr. Harrington. Perhaps I had better give you a brief sketch of the individual in question before I proceed to describe the arts he brought to bear on my too susceptible aunt.

He was a stranger in Melton, in no way related to a wealthy shopkeeper of that name who had many years ago resided there. He indignantly scouted the idea, and once, when asked the question point blank by Mr. Hartwell, very significantly observed that his relations were people he should "never have occasion to blush for."

"I thought the name being the same you might have been connected; besides," added the old cynic, very quietly, "*Fiducia in imbelli virtutis ostentatio*."

Augustus Eugene Ferdinand Harrington either did not or would not understand the force of Mr. Hartwell's remarks. He smiled blandly and went on talking of his uncle the admiral and his first cousin the major-general as perseveringly as ever. He was introduced to aunt Louisa about five weeks after Mr. Smith's marriage. Her affections were soon won. "He was so unlike—superior," she said, "to any of the Melton men." Unlike he certainly was, but his superiority was matter of opinion. He talked to her of his grand connexions; she in return, entertained him with an account of her ancient family and her property. This latter topic was a very his long, fair moustache, the quantity of trinkets and charms he rejoiced in, and his extensive string of titled acquaintances, he really was a thorough-paced adventurer. In short, it was a case of "spoon" on both sides. Miss Gregson and Mr. Harrington were the "town talk," as the phrase is, at Melton, and a pic-nic given by the Clarksons aided considerably in bringing matters to a crisis. Aunt Louisa and her adoring Augustus were invited. The Head. The only approach was a huge rock called the Giant's lovely morning, when the whole party consisting of the Clarksons, their brother, some friends of theirs from

Swanfield, Miss Brown and her fiancé, Mr. Wilderton, two or three officers from the neighbouring fort, aunt and her swain, set off in two open boats for the rock.

They had a jolly sail down, and landed in safety. They then divided into parties, and began to explore (aunt, of course, paired off with her Augustus), agreeing to meet at two for the luncheon. When that hour arrived they all made their appearance, but separated again, having decided to take tea in the boat at five o'clock, and set sail homeward.

The hour came, and all the party assembled, with the exception of Miss Gregson and her escort. Many conjectures were hazarded, and at six Lieutenant Duncan and Mr. Clarkson set off in search, the rest of the friends remaining in the boat.

Another half hour elapsed, when one of the sailors declared that unless they started immediately they would have to remain on the rock all night, as the tide was receding rapidly. This alarmed the ladies much, but to set sail and leave their friends behind was, they declared, out of the question. About seven Mr. Clarkson and the lieutenant returned from their unsuccessful mission. They had been all over the sands but could not find a trace of the absent lovers, and now nothing remained for the rest of the party but to stay where they were until the next morning.

They accordingly made themselves as comfortable as they could under existing circumstances. A sort of gipsy tent was erected on the sands, under which the ladies all huddled, the gentlemen smoking outside. About eleven a shout was heard, and in a few moments afterwards my unfortunate aunt and Mr. Harrington made their appearance.

Daylight came, and the men had to wade to the boats, the water being very shallow; but so anxious were the

instead of returning home, Aunt Louisa and her devoted Eugene were to drive to C—, and take the train for town.

As I am off to the Derby, dear Mr. Editor, I really must defer the description of my aunt's further adventures till next week.—Yours very truly,

HARRY BLOUNT.

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

SALADS.

THE advent of summer, with its increase of the productions of the kitchen garden, and decrease of fires in the home, brings various salads into requisition, and though the quantity of salad eaten in England amounts only to a fractional part of the mass which is consumed in France, yet even here the demand for it in all classes of society is sufficiently great to render at this time of year a collection of good receipts for its preparation exceedingly useful. We need make no apology therefore in laying the following, culled from various trustworthy sources, before our readers.

DELAVERE'S SALAD.—This receipt, with the three following, is from "Wholesome Fare," by Edmund and Ellen Delamere. Boil three eggs very hard, i.e., let them *boil galloping* not less than a quarter of an hour. When quite cold, which may be hastened by throwing them into water fresh from the pump, take them out of their shells, cut them in halves lengthwise, and remove the yolks. Save the whites, chop the yolks as fine as you can, put them into a small basin, pour over them a table-spoonful of salad-oil, and crush all together as smooth as possible with the back of a silver spoon. When well incorporated, add gradually, stirring all the while with a fork, two more table-spoonfuls of oil. Put a good mustard-spoonful of made mustard into a table-spoon, fill up with vinegar, and mix with your fork into the oil and egg-yolk. Put no pepper and no salt. When smooth and creamy and free from knots, this makes *Salad Mixture, A*.

Take the yellow hearts only of fine cabbage-lettuces; pick them to pieces leaf by leaf; wash and drain them thoroughly. When perfectly free from adhering moisture, fill your salad-bowl with them three quarters full; pour your mixture over the salad, and mingle thoroughly. Surround the inside of the bowl with a row or garland of brown orange and yellow nasturtium flowers. Cut the hard whites of egg into long narrow strips, and with them form a star in the middle of the salad. At the end of each ray of the star, drop a blue borage flower (without the calyx); if you have white borage flowers also, place them alternately blue and white. Cover the dressed salad exposed to view with a few bits or leaves of fresh undressed, and serve as soon as the operation is finished. Dressed salad should never have to wait long; the vinegar in the dressing causes it to fade, and soon deprives it of all its crispness. —N.B. The flowers are intended to be eaten.

Salad Mixture, B.—For those who are prejudiced against the very name of oil, often because they never tasted it; or, possibly, tasted it without knowing what it was. Into a small basin put a table-spoonful of mustard in flour, a salt-spoonful of salt, and half that quantity of pepper; work into these gradually a table-spoonful of the very best cream. Then stir in, according to its strength, a dessert or a table-spoonful of vinegar, which may be tarragon or other aromatised vinegar. Keep the mixture continually stirred until you pour it over the salad.

Salad Mixture, C.—For the same class of eaters. At the bottom of a basin put three raw egg-yolks, mustard, flour, salt, and pepper, as before, and a lump of table-spoon of fresh rich cream. When these are thoroughly incorporated, with a fork stir in the juice of one or two lemons, according to the degree of acidity liked. Again stir until the mixture is applied to the salad.

DR. KITCHENER'S COOKED SALAD.—Arrange in a tasty way, in the centre of a deep dish, a pile of cold cauliflower, delicate cabbage (with the water well squeezed out), asparagus-tops, sea-kale, green peas, kidney beans, artichoke bottoms, or whatever happens to be in season. A variety is advantageous rather than not. When nicely packed together in a heap, pour over the whole a liberal allowance of salad mixture, which may be made with aromatised pickle vinegar, and have a table-spoonful of capers, pickled nasturtium buds, or chopped gherkins thrown into it. As a last decoration shred very finely over the surface a few fresh leaves of either cos or cabbage lettuce, so as to conceal what lies beneath them.

This makes a nice dish in sultry weather, cooling, yet not insipid, and light of digestion. By making a foundation for cold cooked vegetables with joints of cold fowl or game, cold roast veal, or other meat, you have a sort of *Charbriete salad*, which is substantial as well as aceticious. Crab or lobster, or cold fish—as salmon, turbot, &c., or—can likewise make their unexpected entrance. They will thus nearly approach a Mayonnaise. With fish, a sprinkling of picked shrimps, together with the fresh shred lettuce leaves, makes a pretty addition to the dish.

SALMAGUNDI SALAD.—For this, use a large, circular, shallow dish. Boil eggs hard; chop up separately the yolks and the whites into a coarse powder. Grate a quantity of hung beef; cut filleted anchovies or Dutch herring into strips. In the middle of the dish make a compact heap of Capuchin's heart or other white salad, or of perfectly blanched lettuce hearts. Surround the foot of this heap with a circle of water-cress, garden-cress, or other dark or bright-green salad. Next to



FANCY FLOWER-POT.

The Ladies' Garden.

ALTHOUGH there will be no harm done by waiting a few days longer before finally filling up the beds—and indeed in exposed northern situations we should advise such further waiting—yet it is now quite time to get both beds and plants ready. In the London parks they have been filling up the beds this week, but then all the plants had been well hardened off, and the soil equally well prepared for their reception. As we advised our readers last year it should be made a rule with those who receive their plants from a nursery to let them stand about, if only in some yard where they are placed when first unpacked, for a day or two after receiving them. The rule for planting out is to place the subjects at such distances that will meet by the middle of August. Geraniums that spread like Tom Thumb and Christine may be a foot apart; lobelias, four inches to be rich, six if you cannot afford close planting; verbanas in rows of fifteen inches apart; petunias to be pegged down, eighteen inches, if to grow upright, nine inches. Plants of untidy habit, used in back rows of ribbons, may be kept in order by lengths of tarred rope or stout cord tightened to short stakes, and in this way anything from petunias to sweet peas may be kept as regular as a file of riflemen. Rich soil suits verbenas, petunias, and lobelias, and the trowel is generally do best in poor sandy soil; if they have much food they are apt to run away and make too much leaf. All variegated plants keep truer and brighter in poor soil. In planting out begin with calceolarias, as they are very hardy. Choose dull dry weather if possible. Mark off the ground and count off the plants, so as to be safe and sure before you begin. Open a hole with a trowel, stick the plant in, with the fingers over the soil, turn it up and give the edge of the pot a tap with the handle of the trowel. Out comes the ball; pick away the crocks without hurting the roots, and turn over the ball without breaking it into the hole, and close in with dry crumbly soil from the surface of the border.

Now sow seeds of any choice kinds of hardy perennials in the open ground. These grow up among many others, such as the wallflowers, sweet Williams, pinks, Brompton stocks, of the true old strain, &c. It will be advisable to make another sowing about this time of mignonette, which will be very useful to cut from when that which was first sown has become rather shabby.

Support carnations, pinks and picotees with neat sticks as they come into flower. Thin the flower-buds to one of a stalk if good flowers are required. Bulbs which have done flowering, and are required to be removed to make way for the bidders, should be taken up carefully and replanted with the whole of the foliage and roots intact, in a moderately shady position. Put a tally to each kind, so that there may be no difficulty when the planting season comes round again. As the foliage dies the roots grow up and store away. Plant out the crysanthemums intended for filling the beds after the summer bedders are gone. Stop every three weeks until the middle of July, and then leave them alone. Plant out dwarf roses for beds, if the plants are nicely established in pots.

Most ladies admire plants in hanging baskets for the sitting-room if tastefully arranged, and to the inexperienced a hint on this subject may, therefore, be useful. Shirley Hibberd recommends the baskets being filled with a mixture of zonal and variegated plants, the ground coverers, those with few variegated and others in ivy-leaved geraniums, planted round the outside for drooping over, will present a far more beautiful appearance than anything else that one can have. It is too late to get plants from seed; the summer would be gone before they would be in flower. The very quick-flowering annuals are too weedy and fugacious for the purpose.

We epitomise the following general directions from the *Gardener's Magazine*—

Conservatory.—The principal display here at this moment will consist of hard-wooled stuff. It is essential to these plants that they should have exposure to the light and a free circulation of air when making their growth; therefore they must not remain here a day after the beauty of the flowers is past, but be returned to the greenhouse as soon as the foliage is full, and in full growth, and must receive attention. Instead of continually stopping back such things as *taxodias*, *coxae*, &c., thin out all superfluous growths and lay in those left at full length. There will then be little difficulty in getting them to flower. Water *fuchsias* trained to pillars with manure-water, to induce them to grow strong and vigorous.

Greenhouse.—Herbaceous calceolarias will remain in flower much longer in pots with a north aspect than in one exposed to the full sun, but they will not seed so freely. Plants intended to be put by for cuttings should have the flowers removed as soon as they are past their best, for when allowed to seed they generally die. Remove all seed vessels from azaleas and rhododendrons as they go out of flower, and remove miscellaneous plants as they require open air for the completion and ripening of their growth out of doors. Take precautions to keep the worms from getting into the pots.

RUSSIA LEATHER.—Mr. Norman has received a consignment of boot-fronts and leather from the best dressers in St. Petersburg. Mr. N., having bought all that was sent to the Paris Exhibition, 1867, was enabled to choose the best dressers, and he now has a choice lot suitable for walking, shooting, or parade boots. 114 and 116, Westminister-bridge-road, S.; and at 3, Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor-gardens.

BREAKFAST-EPPE'S COCOA—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. *The Civil Service Gazette* remarks: "The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of this well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a palatable and nutritious beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold by the trade only in 4lb., 4lb., and 1lb. tin-lined packets, labelled James Epps and Co., homeopathic chemists, London.

Luxuriant and beautiful hair is the distinguished badge of youth.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER OR DRESSING never fails to quickly restore *Grey or Faded Hair* to its youthful colour and beauty, and with the first application beautiful, glossy and abundant hair grows again. Its application stops the Hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the Hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles.—Price Six Shillings.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S Zylbalsamum far excels any Pomade or Hair Oil, and is a most agreeable dressing for the Hair. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers. Depot, 209, High Holborn, London.



Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

THE QUEEN, accompanied by Princess Louise, went out at Balmoral on Monday morning last week, and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove out, attended by the Duchess Dowager of Athole and the Hon. Flora Macdonald. Princess Louise rode out, attended by the Hon. Eva Macdonald.

On the Tuesday morning the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Louise, and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and the Duchess Dowager of Athole. Princess Louise also went out with the Hon. Flora Macdonald and the Hon. Eva Macdonald. Prince Arthur arrived at the Castle from Greenwich, attended by Lieutenant Pickard, R.A., V.C.

The Duke of Argyll had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal Family.

On the Wednesday morning the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Louise and Prince Arthur, and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove out with Princess Louise and the Duchess Dowager of Athole. Prince Leopold drove out, attended by the Rev. R. Duckworth.

The Queen went out on Thursday morning, accompanied by Princess Louise, and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove out with Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Duchess Dowager of Athole. Princess Louise and Prince Arthur went out riding, attended by the Hon. Eva Macdonald.

The Duke of Argyll had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal Family.

On Friday morning the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove to the Glencoe Station with Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and the Duchess Dowager of Athole. The Duke of Argyll also accompanied Her Majesty, and Prince Arthur rode to the Shell. Princess Beatrice, the Hon. Flora Macdonald, and the Hon. Eva Macdonald went out driving.

The Queen went out on Saturday morning, attended by the Hon. Flora Macdonald, and in the afternoon Her Majesty drove out with Princess Beatrice and the Duchess Dowager of Athole.

The Queen, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, and Prince Leopold, with the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine Service on Sunday in the Parish Church of Crathie. The Rev. Dr. Taylor, Minister of Crathie, officiated.

The Rev. Dr. Taylor had the honour of dining with Her Majesty.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—Monday being the 50th anniversary of the birth of Her Majesty, the occasion was celebrated with joyous demonstrations in the royal borough of Windsor. Shortly after seven o'clock the bells of the parish church of St. John pealed merrily, and were followed by those of the Chapel Royal of St. George—a musical demonstration which was continued at intervals throughout the day. The royal purveyors and Castle tradesmen draped their shops and places of business with flags and banners, and the royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the artillery. Salutes were also fired from the Royal Adelaide frigate and Fort Belvedere at Virginia Water. In the evening the mayor and corporation of Windsor celebrated the event with a banquet at the White Hart Hotel.

The return of the Court to Windsor is fixed for the 17th of June. Her Majesty will remain at the Castle for a month, and during that period will come to town several times. About the middle of July Her Majesty will go to Osborne.

It is said that the Queen's continental trip will be a prolonged one this year. It is expected that Her Majesty, after passing a short time at Zurich, will cross the Alps and embark at Genoa, on board the yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, on an excursion to Corsica and the Island of Sardinia, for the purpose of taking the waters and bathing. The special object of the Queen may visit Greece before Her Majesty's return to this country. The continental trip last year was very beneficial to the health of Her Majesty.

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, General Sir William Knollys, and Major Grey, went to the flower show at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's-park, on Wednesday last week.

On the Thursday morning the Prince of Wales, attended by General Sir William Knollys, Major Grey, and Captain Ellis, left Marlborough House for Sandringham. The Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, drove out. Mr. Henry Holmes had the honour of performing on the violin before the Princess of Wales in the evening.

The Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield, drove out on Friday.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at Sandringham on the Thursday afternoon. At Wolferton the Countess of Macclesfield was in attendance, and the Prince proceeded to Sandringham-park House, the residence of General Knollys, which had been prepared for his reception. The special object of the present visit of the Prince of Wales to his property was understood to be to inspect the progress of the works now going on. Immediately after the last visit of the Prince and Princess to Sandringham the building of the new wing to the house was commenced, but the walls of the old house having been found to be rotten, it was resolved to rebuild the whole of it, and this work is now being carried on with great activity. The new lake, very picturesquely provided with islands and grotto work, &c., has been completed, and adds greatly to the general charm of the grounds. It is feared that the want of sufficient accommodation will prevent the Prince and Princess from paying a summer visit to Sandringham this year.

Prince of Wales, attended by General Sir William Knollys, Major Grey, and Captain Ellis, returned to Marlborough House on Saturday from Sandringham.

On Sunday morning the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Countess of Macclesfield and Major Grey in waiting, attended Divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The service was performed by the Rev. the Sub-Dean, the Rev. J. Antrous, and the Hon. and Rev. R. C. Boyle. Anthem, "I was in the Spirit" (Blessed), sung by Messrs. R. Barry, Cummings, Wilkinson, and Thomas. Mr. Cooper pre-acted. The Duke of Devonshire was present. The sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. R. C. Boyle from the 27th Psalm v. 13.

The Prince of Wales rode out on Monday forenoon, attended by Major Grey. His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Denmark arrived at Marlborough House on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major

this, strew a circle of powdered egg-yolk, then of the whites, then of the beef. Make an outer circle of whatever salad you have that is freshest and most convenient; cut up small. Decorate the central heap with the shreds of herring or anchovy, and garnish the outer rim of the dish with a few patches of pickled red cabbage and chopped parsley or chives placed alternately round its circumference. Send up Mayonnaise sauce or salad mixture in a separate boat. This medley salad (which may be greatly varied as season and circumstances render convenient) looks well upon a supper-table, and makes a nice accompaniment for cold fowl, game, roast meats, paté, cheese, &c., as each guest can help himself to the ingredients that best suits his taste.

BETROOT AND ONION SALAD.—Cre-Eydd recommends the following: Peel and cut into thin slices two or three medium-sized onions and a plateful of betroot, the latter prepared as follows: Wash the betroot in cold water, and be careful not to graze the skin, or the colour will escape; bathe it in a moderate oven for two hours, and when cold peel it as required. Then proceed with the salad as follows: Season with a tablespoonful of salt, half the quantity of white pepper, and a cayenne spoonful of cayenne; lay the onions and betroot alternately on a dish, add two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and one of good vinegar. A tablespoonful of grated horse-radish is an improvement.

Receipts for salad-dressing to keep for use, and for salad-dressing without oil, have been already given in our columns. **SALAD MIXTURE.**—Take one bowl of oil, one salt-spoonful of salt, two of white powdered sugar, one mustard-spoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of oil, one teaspoonful of Harvey's sauce, and a little vinegar. Proceed thus: Boil a nice meaty potato, and mash it very smooth. Add all the other ingredients, and when the whole is well mixed, add the vinegar by degrees till it is the consistency of thick cream.

This, and the three following receipts are from "Warner's Model Cooking and Housekeeping Book."

ANOTHER SALAD DRESSING.—Take one teaspoonful of made mustard; one ditto pounded sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, four of milk, two of vinegar, cayenne and salt to your taste. Put the mixed mustard into a salad-bowl with the sugar, and add the oil, drop by drop, carefully stirring and mixing all the ingredients well together. Proceed in this manner with the other ingredients, which must be added very gradually, or the sauce will curdle; then put in the seasoning of cayenne and salt. It ought to have a creamy appearance, and when mixing the ingredients cannot be added too gradually or stirred too much.

ITALIAN SAUCE FOR SALADS.—Three tablespoonfuls of sauce tournee; one of oil, a little tarragon and chervil; three tablespoonfuls of Florence oil; a little salt, and a glass of tarragon vinegar. Mix well together three tablespoonfuls of sauce tournee, with one of mustard, some tarragon and chervil shred fine, and three tablespoonfuls of Florence oil, dropped in by degrees. When quite smooth, add a glass of tarragon vinegar, a little at a time, and a little salt. This sauce cannot be too much mixed.

SALAD SAUCE.—Three hard-boiled eggs; one tablespoonful of made mustard; three of salad oil; white pepper; salt; cayenne; a dust of sugar; five spoonfuls of thick Béchamel sauce; one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar; one of chili vinegar; two of common vinegar; half a vine glass of cream. Rub the yolks of the hard-boiled eggs in a basin, add to them the mustard and the salad oil, and mix it very smooth. Then add the pepper, salt, cayenne, dust of sugar, the Béchamel, tarragon, chili, and common vinegar, and mix all well together with half a glass of cream. If this dressing is required for fish salads, add a few drops of essence of anchovies and sprinkle over the sauce a little finely-chopped parsley leaf last thing.

SALAD (BOHEMIA).—Yolk of one or two raw eggs, one or two young onions, or leeks, three table spoonfuls of salad oil, one of vinegar, some lettuce, and slices of betroot, salt, and mustard. Take the yolk of one or two raw eggs, according to the size of the salad, beat them up very well, add a little salt and mustard, and chop up one or two young onions, or leeks, about the size of grass, then add the salad oil and the vinegar, and beat the whole up into a thick sauce. Cut in the salad, and put thin slices of betroot at the top. Sprinkle a little salt over it, and do not stir it up till the moment you use it. For a small salad three dessert spoonfuls of oil and one of vinegar will do.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Cold fowl, two or three white-heart lettuce, two hard-boiled eggs, two dessert spoonfuls of butter melted, or salad oil, two tea spoonfuls of made mustard, one of loaf sugar, one large cupful of vinegar. Wash and dry two or three white-heart lettuces, reserving the centre leaves, cut them fine, and lay them at the bottom of a dish, mince all the white meat from a boiled chicken, or fowl, without the skin, and place it on the lettuce. Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs to a smooth paste with the butter melted, or the salad oil; add to it two tea spoonfuls of made mustard and one of pounded loaf sugar, and stir very gradually in a large cupful of vinegar. Arrange as a border the centre leaves of the lettuces, with some small delicate cress between the chicken and edge of the dish, and, when ready to serve, pour over the chicken the salad dressing.

MRS. BRETTON'S SALAD DRESSING.—This is the receipt recommended in the late Mrs. Bretton's "Dictionary of Cookery." Take one tea spoonful of mixed mustard, one tea spoonful of pounded sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, four tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, cayenne and salt to taste. Put the mixed mustard into a salad bowl with the sugar, and add the oil drop by drop, carefully stirring and mixing all these ingredients well together. Proceed in this manner with the milk and vinegar, which must be added very gradually, or the sauce will curdle. Put in the seasoning, when the mixture will be ready for use. If this dressing is properly made, it will have a soft, creamy appearance, and will be found very delicious with crab, or cold fried fish (the latter cut into dice), as well as with salads. In mixing salad dressings, the ingredients cannot be added too gradually or stirred too much.

A SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED.—MARAVILLA COCOA IS PERFECTLY. The *Globe* says: "Taylor Brothers' Maravilla Cocoa has achieved a triumph success and surpassed every other Cocoa in the market. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition distinguish the Maravilla Cocoa above all others. For homeopaths and invalids we could not recommend a more agreeable or valuable beverage."—Sold in packets only, by all Grocers.

THE BUTTER COOLER.—Butter kept firm and fresh during the hottest days.—Taylor Brothers' Self-acting. Result obtained by a provokingly simple adaptation of the principle of Natural Law.—"Scientific Record." *For Butter*, 2s. 10d.; 3s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 5s. 6d. *For Provisions*, 6s. 9d.; 7s. 9d.; 8s. 9d.; 10s. 6d.; 12s. 6d. *For Wine and other Beverages*, 6s. 9d.; 7s. 6d.; 8s. 9d.; 10s. 6d. For further expense—always reliable. Of the patentee, Thomas Greville Potter, Stella Lamp-Depot, 11, Oxford-street, near the Oxford, where is also sold the *Mimic Caudron*.

Grey, met his royal highness at the Charing-cross Railway Terminus. Captain Lund is in attendance on the Crown Prince.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Lord Alfred Hervey, General Sir William Knollys, and Major Grey, was present in the evening at the anniversary dinner given by the Royal Geographical Society at Willis's-rooms. Mdlle. Carreno had the honour of playing on the pianoforte before the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major Grey, went to Frogmore on Tuesday, and visited their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Denmark, drove out.

The Prince and Princess of Wales paid two visits to M. Gustavo Dore's studio in the Rue St. Dominique while they were in Paris.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It seems to be settled that the Empress Eugenie will go to Suez to the opening of the canal, and it is now stated that the Prince Imperial will accompany her Majesty.

Lord and Lady Otho Fitzgerald arrived at their residence, on Carlton House-terrace, early on Monday morning, from Paris.

Lord and Lady Carew entertained a select party at dinner on Monday evening at their residence in Belgrave-square.

Lord and Lady Headley entertained a select circle at dinner on Saturday, at their residence, Prince's-gate.

Lord and Lady O'Neill and family have arrived at their residence, 10, Belgrave-square, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. de Vere Beauclerk have left Lady Mary Fitching's residence in Beaufort-gardens, and have arrived at 15, Rutland-square, for the season.

On Monday night, Mrs. Washington Hibbert gave her second ball this season at their residence in Dover-street. Pledgely, which was fully attended by her numerous friends. The spacious ball-room was admirably decorated, and with the connecting apartments, brilliantly illuminated, and adorned by a profusion of flowers. Supper was served at one o'clock.

A report is current that, after nine years of expectation, the ex-Queen of Naples, Maria Sophia, is at length in an interesting situation. The joy of the inmates of the Farnese Palace and of all the reactionists is great.

The fashionable world are preparing to leave Paris. Many have already commenced their chateau life. The Court proceed to Fontainebleau, where the Vicerey of Egypt is expected about the 14th of June. His highness will visit London early in July.

The past season at Nice has been the gayest ever known. There was an immense amount of gambling going on; baccarat was the favourite game.

King Victor Emmanuel has promised to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal.

His IX. has written autograph letters to Queen Isabella and his royal highness the Prince of the Asturias, congratulating them on their expression of fidelity on the occasion of the late jubilee. There was a great *fete* the other day at Queen Isabella's palace on the occasion of the birthday of the King Consort, Francisco d'Assis. Marfiori has been robbed of a lot of money.

The Vicerey of Egypt, who is expected in Paris this summer, will be lodged in the Tuileries.

Some of the Paris journals speak of an early visit to England on the part of the Prince Imperial, in consequence of an invitation from the Prince of Wales, which the Emperor is said to have accepted for his son.

We (*Saturday Journal*) understand that the Overstone estate, near Marlborough, which was purchased about three years ago from the Duke of Marlborough by the late Mr. R. C. Long, at something like 140,000, has just been sold by the executors of that gentleman to Lord Ernest Bruce (the representative of Sir H. Meux), at a profit of nearly 20,000.

Archduke Henry, brother of the Emperor of Austria, married a very popular actress, and was recommended by the Emperor to take unlimited leave and travel. By the intervention of his mother, the Empress of the French, and the Princess Metternich, the Archduke has been forgiven, and *la Dina* will henceforth take exalted rank at Vienna.

Clifford, the beautiful residence of the Duchess of Sutherland on the banks of the lake, near Maidenhead, and where the Queen a year or two back made a short sojourn, is it is understood, about to pass into the hands of Lord Grosvenor, who is said to have purchased it from the Duke of Sutherland. The Bishop of Carlisle has of late passed tolerable nights, and continues much the same. The malady from which the right rev. prelate is suffering is of the nature of a severe neuralgic attack, from which there are hopes that he may shortly recover.

STATUE TO THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER.—This splendid work of art has just reached its destination in the Grosvenor Public Park, Chester, from the studio of Mr. Thornycroft. The pedestal of the statue, which is of beautifully polished Aberdeen granite, bears the following inscription in gold letters: Richard, 2nd Marquis of Westminster, K.G., the Generous Landlord, the Friend of the Distressed, the Helper of all Good Works, the Benefactor of this City, erected by his Tenants, Friends, and Neighbours, A.D. 1869.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has kindly consented to lay the first stone of the enlargement of the Earlswold Asylum for Idiots, Redhill, Surrey, on Monday, the 28th of June, and the annual and summer *fete* and summer entertainment will take place the same day.

The Earl and Countess of Lichfield and family arrived at their residence in Grosvenor-square on Saturday from Shugborough Park, Staffordshire.

The Earl and Countess of Durham and family arrived at their residence in Cromwell House on Saturday from Lambton Castle, Durham, for the season.

The Earl Cadogan entertained a select party at dinner on Saturday at Cadogan House, Cadogan-place.

The Duchess of Abercorn and the Ladies Hamilton arrived at Chesterfield House on the Friday from Paris.

The Earl and Countess of Mount Edgumbe arrived in town on Saturday from Paris.

We have to announce the death of Vice-Admiral Francis Dectimus Hastings, which occurred at his residence, Barbourne House, near Worcester, on Friday week. The deceased admiral was sixth son of the late Rev. James Hastings, rector of the Hartley and Arley Regis, Worcestershire. He was born in the year 1795, and, entering the service in 1807, he served with distinction in the Syrian and Peninsular wars. He was appointed rear-admiral in 1859, and vice-admiral in 1865. He graduated B.A. at Cambridge in 1823, after returning from the great war. The gallant admiral was twice married; first, to Miss Perrot, daughter of Mr. Perrot, Graham House, near Pershore, Worcestershire; and secondly to Mrs. Vashon,

widow of Rev. James Volant Vashon, rector of Salwarpe, Worcestershire.

The death is announced of the Rev. Calvert Fitzgerald Moore, M.A., one of the chaplains in ordinary to the Queen. According to recent changes, there will in future be thirty-six "chaplains in ordinary," with salaries, and twelve honorary chaplains in ordinary, without salaries. The death of Mr. Moore reduces the number of chaplains in ordinary to thirty-five, so that the vacancy will have to be filled up.

The Queen Dowager of Prussia is on the point of leaving Mentone, where her health has been much benefited by her stay during the winter. Before returning to Berlin she intends paying a visit to the Duchess of Genoa, at her villa on the Lake of Como.

The *Giornale di Napoli* says: "Baron de Kubeck, Austrian Minister at Florence, has received from Prince Humbert a letter addressed to the Emperor Francis Joseph, thanking his Majesty for the decoration of the Golden Fleece and the very flattering letter which accompanied it. The baron is to leave for Florence in a few days."

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Hanbury Lennox have arrived at the Dowager Lady Bateman's residence, 36, Great Cumberland-place, from the Continent.

Lord and Lady Saltoun have sustained a painful domestic bereavement by the death of their second daughter, the Hon. Marjorie Alexandrina Louisa Fraser, in her fifteenth year.

The *Nottingham Journal* states that Sir Robert Clifton is so seriously ill that he is unable to see any one but his wife and his medical attendant. He is suffering from bronchitis, which has been aggravated by exposure to the recent eastern gales.

Colonel the Hon. E. B. Willbraham and family have arrived at 47, Brook-street, from Rome.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK.—The correspondent at Copenhagen of the *Poll Mall Gazette*, writing on Wednesday last week says: His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Denmark left Copenhagen this afternoon for Lübeck, en route for London. His royal highness will remain in England on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales for a month or six weeks. The 27th of next July is the day fixed for the marriage of the Crown Prince of Denmark with the Crown Princess of Sweden.

When it was officially announced last year that this marriage had been settled the news was received with great satisfaction by the Danish people. The print shops and the illustrated journals were at once filled with portraits of the young prince and princess, with allegorical figures of Peace and Happiness crowning them with wreaths of flowers, whilst underneath were prayers addressed to heaven in their behalf. The chief cause of this rejoicing is the fact that the marriage is looked upon as the first step towards the union of the two kingdoms. "Scandinavia," it is said, "will then be an important power, with an army and a fleet which will enable it to hold its own against foreign aggression." Apart, however, from political considerations, the young princess is good looking, most amiable, highly accomplished, and possessed of a large private fortune, derived from her mother, who is a princess of the House of Orange.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE DUKE OF ATHOL.—A mural monument has just been erected by the Dowager Duchess of Athol to the memory of the late duke, in the aisle of the old Kirk of Blair, over the vault in which the remains of his grace are laid. The design, which is intended to have been suggested by the duchess herself, is allegorical, inasmuch as the principal figure in it is the trunk of a striated oak, which is intended to represent the duke cut off, as it were, in the prime of life. At the point where the tree has been broken through, a branch of the ivy which entwined it has been loosened, and droops to the ground. On one side of the tree a vigorous offshoot or branch (representing the present duke) remains in full blossom, and upon it hangs the plaid or mantle of the deceased.

Mr. G. W. Duff Assheton-Smith, the eldest son of Mr. R. G. Duff, attained his majority on Monday last week, and took possession of the Vaynol estate. The estate of Vaynol, principally situated in Carnarvonshire, and running not only completely through the county, but extending also to Anglesey, originally belonged to the Williams' family of Friars, Anglesey; but Griffith Williams, in the reign of Queen Anne, having no issue, bequeathed it to the Crown. Her Majesty, in appreciation of the services of the Hon. John Smith, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in the previous reign, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, presented him with the estate, which thus became the property of the family of the present possessor.

FORTHCOMING FASHIONABLE EVENTS.—To-day (May 29) Mrs. Schuster's musical party, 11, Upper Belgrave-street; the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars) regimental dinner, at Willis's-rooms; Marlborough. The band of the Fusilier Guards will play from four to half-past six o'clock (weather permitting); the Ascot Handicap, at the Gun Club Ground, Wormwood-scrubs, at two o'clock, May 31.—The Countess of Home's first ball; Mr. William Cunliffe Brooks's concert, 5, Grosvenor-square; the Yorkshire ball at Willis's-rooms, King-street, St. James's; Madame Puzzi's annual morning concert at St. George's-hall, Langham-place, to commence at two o'clock. June 1.—Leave at St. James's Palace; the Marchioness of Allesbury's second dance; Sir Robert Gordon Booth's dance; Mrs. Russell Sturgis's second ball; Mr. A. and Miss Mackinnon's dance, 4, Hyde-park-place; Mrs. Willis's second dance; Mrs. Henry Whitmore's evening party, 68, Eaton-place; Mrs. Paynter's morning party; Rubinstein's farewell performance this season, at the fifth matinee of the Musical Union, with Anor, from St. Petersburg; the regimental dinner of the Royal Artillery, at Willis's-rooms, the Duke of Cambridge present. Her Majesty's birthday celebrated; Mrs. Childers's evening party, at the Admiralty, June 3.—The Countess of Home's second ball; Baroness Meyer de Rothschild's first dancing party, 107, Piccadilly; Mrs. Musgrave's *soirée dante*, 25, Queen's-gate-gardens; the Grenadier Guards' regimental dinner, at Willis's-rooms, the Duke of Cambridge present; the annual regimental dinner of the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays) at the London Tavern, at eight o'clock. June 4.—Mrs. H. Van Notten Pole's ball, 69, Eaton-place; the St. James's private subscription ball, at Willis's-rooms, King-street, St. James's; Mr. Henry Leslie's choir, the director's benefit, the last concert of the season, Mendelssohn's two great psalms, "Judge me, O God" and "Hear my Prayer," &c. June 5.—Lady Hutt's first afternoon party; Madame Anichini Scallio's *grand matinee musicale*, at 12, Kensington-palace-gardens (admission free). June 7.—Mrs. John Percy's ball, 10, Eaton-square; Mrs. Godman's ball; Mr. William Gillett's (of the Albany) fancy dress ball, at Willis's-rooms, King-street, St. James's. June 8.—Ascot races commence.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

At Woodstock, near Worksop, on Wednesday morning last week, Miss Fanny Lucy Fowke White, youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Woolston White, Bart., of Wallingwells, near Worksop, was married to James Ramsay Gibson Maitland, Esq., eldest son of Sir Alexander Gibson, Bart., M.P., of Scone, Strathgibshire. Four festal arches were erected in the village, surmounted with flags, boughs, &c. The little church was filled to overflowing. The wedding party were conveyed from Wallingwells at half-past eleven in six carriages. The marriage rite was performed by the Rev. Canon Worsley, assisted by the Rev. Charles Manning, of Stanton Vicarage, Yorkshire. The bridesmaids were Miss White, Miss Maitland, Miss Mellish, and Miss Dora White. The bride was attired in white corded silk, trimmed with white satin, and on her head she wore a beautiful wreath of orange blossoms, with veil. She also wore a pearl necklace with gold locket. The bridesmaids were dressed in white muslin, trimmed with Mecklin lace, edged with blue, with blue and white bonnets and blue silk capes, trimmed with Mecklin lace. The bride and bridegroom left Wallingwells at three o'clock for Peterborough, whence they proceeded to Switzerland to spend the honeymoon.

A marriage will take place next month between Mr. James Edmund Christie, of the 42nd Highlanders, and Mrs. Sarah Ellen Ceely.

The marriage of Lord Lyttelton with Mrs. Humphrey Midmay, widow of the late member for Herefordshire, will be solemnised early in June. Mrs. Midmay is a niece of the Rev. Mr. Clive, who was some time Rector of Solihull, and sister of Colonel Clive, the recently-elected member for Hereford.

A marriage is arranged between Major Leith, son of the late General Sir Alexander Leith, K.C.B., of Freckfield and Glenkidie, Aberdeenshire, and Lady Mary Marsham, third daughter of the Earl of Romney.

A marriage is arranged between Miss Georgiana Trench, second daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Trench, of Cangort-park, Ireland, and Mr. F. W. Lloyd Edwards, only son of R. Lloyd Edwards, Esq., of Nanhorn, Carnarvonshire.

The marriage of Major Arbuthnot, of the 15th Hussars, and Miss Selina Moncreiffe daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Louisa Moncreiffe, is arranged to take place in July.

Marriages are reported as arranged between Lord Downe and Lady Cecilia Molynieux, daughter of the Earl of Sefton; between the Marquis of Huntly and Miss Brooks, a Manchester heiress; and between Lord Cole, son of the Earl of Enniskillen, and Miss Baird, an "iron" heiress of the North.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the Right Hon. George Wyndham, Baron Leconfield, dated August 21, 1867, with three codicils, has been sworn under 250,000. The executors appointed are his two sons, the Right Hon. Henry Lord Leconfield, and the Hon. Percy Scawen Wyndham. The testator observes that, "inasmuch as his eldest son is provided for under the will of the late George O'Brien, Earl of Egremont," he makes several gifts in favour of his second son Percy, including the manors and lands in Sussex purchased of the Duke of Marlborough, subject to certain provisions; and, after making a trifling bequest to one of his daughters, he leaves to his son, Percy, the residue of his real and personal estates in England and Ireland.

The will of Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., J.P., deputy lieutenant for Warwickshire, late of Grandeur Hall, near Atherstone, was proved in London, on the 13th inst., under 90,000. The executors appointed being the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Amherst, Sir John Hamner, Bart., M.P., and the Rev. Henry Hamner. The guardians appointed to infant children are the Countess Amherst, Lady Mary Hood, Earl Amherst, and Sir John Hamner. The will is dated May 16, 1862, and the testator died March 24 last, aged sixty. He has bequeathed to his son and successor, now Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., a considerable portion of his plate and jewellery, to pass as heirlooms in his family, and to his son Walter Hill Chetwynd he leaves other portions of his plate. Bequests are also made to his daughters. The residue he leaves to his son George—now in his twentieth year (born May 31, 1849)—on his attaining the age of twenty-one.

The will of the late Miss Anna Maria Mitchell, of Speen, Berks, was proved, at Oxford, under 40,000. She has bequeathed to the Oxford Diocesan Church-building Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Royal Berkshire Hospital, each 1000.

The late Miss Elizabeth Scattergood Kemp, of City-road, London, has bequeathed to the National Life-boat Association, the Royal Free Hospital, Grosvenor-inn-lane, the Christian Missionary Society, and the British and Foreign Society 1000. each.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.—The *Daily News* believes the observation so commonly made is true, that children nowadays are less respectful to their parents than they used to be. The general falling off in respect for authority has something to do with it, but the main cause is the determination of parents to educate their children above their own standard, and the sort of education which, in fulfilment of their determination, they procure for them. All that the children reap from the opportunities afforded them by their parents is to be able to look upon the latter as their inferiors, and to treat them accordingly. They acquire a false shame for them, and this false shame vents itself in disrespectful treatment. The truth is, that all getting on and all education are in themselves positive mischiefs unless accompanied by a preservation, and perhaps a still further development, of the moral sense. As has been so well and tersely said, "There's nothing good but goodness," and to sacrifice it to worldly position, or the affectation of it, is an immoral mistake. Better that children should sink below the position held by their parents than that they should rise from it only to scorn it. The growing generation should be instructed in the fact they seem so much to overlook, that the really admirable persons are those who win a prize, not those who accidentally wear it.

SCIENCE AND ART.—A striking instance of the immense value a small piece of steel may acquire by the great power of skilled mechanical labour is the balance-spring of a watch. From its extreme fineness and delicacy 4,000 weight not more than one ounce, and exceed in value 1,000. A most interesting little work, describing the rise and progress of watch-making, has been published by J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, and the City Steam Factory, 55 and 60, Ludgate-hill. The book, which is profusely illustrated, gives a full description of the various kinds of watches and clockworks, with their prices. Mr. Benson (who holds an appointment to the Prince of Wales) has also published a pamphlet on artistic gold jewellery, illustrated with the most beautiful designs of bracelets, brooches, earrings, lockets, &c., &c., suitable for wedding, birthday, and other presents. These pamphlets are sent post free for two stamps each, and they cannot be too strongly recommended to those contemplating a purchase, especially to residents in the country or abroad, who are thus enabled to select any article they may require, and have it forwarded with perfect safety.

Interesting Items.

THE Empress Charlotte is about to be conveyed to Bagneres de Luchon, in France, where she will pass the season.

An inquest has been held by Mr. Humphreys respecting the death of a child sixteen days old. The mother gets a living by tramping about the country selling stockings, which she knits as she walks along the road. While on her way to Islington Workhouse, to get a night's lodging, she found the child dead in her arms. A surgeon stated that the child had died of convulsions. It was very emaciated, and had been fed upon bits of bread, and no doubt the state of poverty in which it had lived had accelerated its death. The jury returned a verdict of "death in the street from convulsions."

The "Sorosis," a body of strong-minded ladies in America, of whom we have frequently spoken, took "tea" together on Saturday week at New York, and the meeting, according to the American papers, was a remarkable success, and will do much to increase the "influence of the sisterhood as a social organisation." About 125 ladies and gentlemen were assembled, most of the gentlemen invited being members of the press. The tables were furnished forth in Delmonico's best style, although there was nothing to drink stronger than tea. Mrs. Croly presided and made the opening speech, and was followed by many other members of the association. The subject being made for the evening, Henry Fern responded to the toast, "The man of the period;" Miss Clara Nicholson to "Men and their buttons;" Mrs. Mary P. Davis to "The coming woman;" Mrs. Dr. Dismore to "The professional woman;" Mrs. Burleigh to "The newspaper man from a domestic point of view;" Mrs. Wilbour to "Heroic women;" Mrs. Noble to "The committee women;" Madame Dismore to "Man, the monopoliser;" and Miss Hillard to "The gentlemen, Heaven's first, best gift to woman." Many witty and wise things were said in these speeches, and the occasion, we are assured by rapturous reporters, was one of rare pleasure to all participating.

The trial of Mumler, a photographer in New York, for obtaining money under false pretences, by professing to photograph spirits, has naturally ended in the discharge of the accused. It is impossible to protect the fools in the world. The judge, in giving his decision, intimated his belief that the whole thing was a trick. The pleadings were extraordinary. The counsel for the accused read from the Bible the accounts of spiritual appearances in the case of Balaam, the witch of Endor, &c., and the prosecution ventured no other reply than that such cases were limited to a few months. During the trial the counsel of Mumler asserted that there are 11,000,000 spiritists in the United States.

Miss Alexandre Tinné, the Dutch lady who became so well known a few years ago as an African explorer, has, according to letters received at Malta from Tripoli, reached Mouzouk in safety, and was waiting for the chief of the Tarouks to escort her and her numerous retinue to the starting post of the annual caravan for Soedan. Miss Tinné recently imported into Barbary a complete set of the latest Parisian manufacture; but finding it not adapted to the sands of the Great Desert, she presented it to the Pasha of Tripoli.

The fifth annual meeting of the Female Medical Society will be held at Exeter-hall, at three o'clock, on Monday, May 31. Lord Shaftesbury will take the chair, and the general public are invited to be present. Eighty-two ladies have now entered as students in this society, and the admission of lady midwives already settled in practice may be obtained by writing to the lady secretary, at 4, Fitzroy-square, W.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.—Years ago, a Pennsylvania farmer stabbed his young wife in a fit of drunken insanity, and fled to the West, supposing himself a murderer. The woman recovered, and after five years of solitary life, married again. Her cousin, a young man, followed her to the West, and she went West. There she met a prosperous and wealthy merchant, was wooed and wedded, and upon disrobing in the bridal chamber the bridegroom saw upon her neck the scar of the wound he himself had made, and recognised his wife of years before.

The American correspondent of the *Daily News* warns Miss Rye not to put any trust in the reported experience of Mr. Van Meter, a man of gutter and gin, who is providing them with homes in the West. Mr. Van Meter did, it appears, carry on what was purported to be a charitable enterprise for some time, under the name of the "Howard Mission," and did take charge of, and supply with more or less food and clothing, a number of children, some of whom he carried about the country and made exhibitions of, to help him to raise funds, but no accounts of his receipts or expenditure were ever rendered, and the institution was for some time a scandal and grief to the charitable world of New York. At length several times called to his performances without effect, but at last the persons whose names he was using as directors and trustees of his "Mission" were driven into interfering actively and he was compelled to resign. The "Mission" is now in new hands, and a statement of its accounts for two or three months past has been for the first time laid before the public, but the writer doubts very much whether its operations are of any great value. At all events he has no hesitation in pronouncing the story of the despatch of 2,000 children to the West a myth.

A few days ago Miss Ann Littlehales, daughter of the late Dr. Littlehales, banker, of Winchester, was found by her father, committed suicide in her bedroom by cutting her throat. Scarcely a month ago her young sister Fanny strangled herself in a fit of temporary insanity. At the inquest it appeared from the evidence that since her sister committed suicide a great alteration had been observed in the demeanour of the deceased, and on the morning of the day on which she destroyed herself, Mr. Midwinter, the rector of the parish, had suggested the propriety of putting her under restraint, but the family doctor deferred sanctioning such a step till he had had a short time for consideration. At twelve o'clock he had come to the conclusion that such a course would be judicious under the circumstances of the case, but before he had time to communicate his decision it was discovered that Miss Littlehales had cut her throat in her bedroom with a sharp pocket-knife, and had apparently died instantaneously. The jury returned a verdict of "temporary insanity."

Mrs. President Grant is the subject of the following anecdote, told by the correspondent of *La Liberté*, who says: "I had the honour of being presented to Mrs. Grant. 'I am a poor Western woman,' she said to me; 'fortune has overtaken us—we did not run after it.' I admired this simple woman, but her burgher-like manners, but full of common sense and tact, and whose high opinion in elevation had not caused to lose her balance. I was told her husband consulted her when the Presidency was offered to him. Grant, who is not yet forty-six years old, hesitated, inasmuch as he preferred a life of quietude to the political agitations which he foresaw. 'If the people come to you, you can hardly refuse,' said his wife to him. 'The fulfilment of duty should precede all other

things.' And Grant accepted the proposed candidacy. A touching harmony in this democratic family, where the good sense of the wife comes to the assistance of the husband. 'I am enjoying the last hours of repose,' said Mrs. Grant to me. 'Next month the official receptions, and my duties as the President's wife will begin; then I shall have no more leisure, but shall be constantly occupied. I want to do my whole duty.'"

The cost of a new spring dress for an outdoor entertainment given by the Empress Eugénie is about fifty thousand francs; at all events the dresses, at a recent *fête champêtre* given by that lady, worn by the three graces of the Tuileries—the Marquise de Gallifet, the Princess de Metternich, and the Comtesse de Pourtales, cost together upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Miss Van Lew, the new Postmistress of Richmond, U.S., is reported to have made many postal reforms in that city. She has placed two ladies in charge of the ladies' delivery; has increased the facilities for registration and money orders, and she intends also to establish street letter-boxes, and distribute the mails throughout the city promptly on arrival.

Mme. Domeque, at Paris, has passed an examination which entitles her to be an apothecary—the first instance of the kind that has been permitted in France.

Poultania, a tree to be erected in the Parisian cemeteries for the purpose of supplying water to the flowers which grow from the remains of their relatives and friends.

The death of Lady Firth by drowning has, it appears, given rise to so many tales, likely and unlikely to be true, that the family surgeon, Mr. J. C. Ellis, of Heckmondwike, has thought it his duty to print a letter embodying a little history of the unfortunate lady, and his own theory of the cause of her death. "I can truly affirm," Mr. Ellis writes, "that not two persons joined together by the holy tie of matrimony ever lived on earth more affectionately or more endeared to each other than the late Lady Firth and Sir Charles. About three years ago Lady Firth became affected with one of the most painful neuralgic affections it was ever my fortune to attend. After suffering for about six months without relief, some of the most eminent men of the faculty in London were consulted, and their treatment adopted for several months without much benefit being the result. After this Dr. T. P. Teale, of Leeds, was called in, and we both agreed as to the nature of her ladyship's malady, and also as to the means to be adopted most likely to relieve her intense suffering. After a period of several months Lady Firth gradually improved, and was relieved from pain, but I am sorry to say a disease set in, which, I believe, led to the cause of her sad and melancholy end. As the pain decreased she soon became the subject of vertigo, syncope, absolute faintness, and this coming on at any moment, and without any warning, to such a degree as to cause her to drop down in a moment and become quite insensible. I have no doubt in my own mind that one of these attacks came on while her ladyship was walking on this most dangerous part of the banks of the river; nor was it to be assisted herself, she slid or rolled into the water and was drowned."

On Thursday night last week a man brought to the Hackney police-station a billycock hat, which he stated he had found upon the Homerton railway, over the river Lee. Inside the hat was a card with the following words written upon it in pencil:—"You will find me under the bridge. My wife has driven me to this. Two men were sent to the spot with drags, and a body was found with a heavy piece of iron tied to the waist. This was afterwards identified as the body of Frederick Ketteridge, an upholsterer, whose manner of late has been observed to be peculiar."

The Goldsmiths' Company have contributed the handsome donation of 100 guineas to assist in the emigration of children under Miss Rye.

The *Word* relates that a *fête* took place a few days back at Charleroi, in honour of one Catherine Yernaux, who had reached her 100th year, and had been long known as a schoolmistress. The street was decked out with flags, and over the door of her residence was fixed a large placard with the inscription: "Madame C. Yernaux, 100 years, May 13, 1869. Honour to old age." The lady, who is now 100 years of age, was taken in an open carriage from her own house to the parish church, where she was embraced by her relatives amidst the acclamations of a considerable crowd, and a service of thanksgiving celebrated. In the evening the whole quarter was illuminated, and the *fête* terminated by a public ball.

The Emperor Napoleon II. is having a villa built at Rome on the Palatine Hill. The ground has been bought from the King of Naples for a sum of 2,000*l.*, and on the spot are found the remains of the Palace of the Cæsars. Although the excavations are nearly terminated, excavations are still carried on under the direction of M. Rosa (a descendant of Salva-tor), who is the conservator of the ruins.

The example of Mr. G. Peabody has been followed by Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York, who has given six million dollars for charitable purposes. The bulk of the money is to be expended in building large hotels, one for single working young women, and the other for single working young men.

The Indian papers say that a *cause célèbre*, in which damages have been laid at 15,000*l.*, is said to be hatching in the Madras Divorce Court.

The confinement of the Comtesse de Flandres is expected very shortly with interest with regard to the succession to the Belgian throne.

The Bishop of London will preside at the anniversary meeting of the charity children of the metropolis, which will take place at St. Paul's on the 3rd of June.

On Saturday night, as a woman named Sanderson was crowding into the Alhambra Music-hall, Liverpool, her illegitimate child, nine days old, which she carried in her arms, was suffocated.

A lady in Detroit has obtained a divorce on the ground that her husband used unkind language to her, and compelled her to black his boots. America is indeed the land of divorce!

The following story has been going the rounds: "A short time since two little Princesses, fourteen and nine years old, the eldest a daughter of Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia and the youngest a daughter of the Crown Princess, were waiting in a photographer's studio at Berlin to have their portraits taken. While the photographer was having for a moment forgotten the rank of the ladies, the elder Princess, as 'gnadiges Fräulein,' the common appellation in German of all unmarried ladies. He was immediately corrected by the remark, 'People generally call me 'Your Royal Highness.'" The offender's excuses were interrupted by the little cousin, who exclaimed, "That doesn't matter the least: you can call me as you please. I had rather you call me 'Fat Lotsey.'" The elder Princess always calls her sister "Fat Lotsey" in every sense of the word. It first appeared about two years ago, and was then formally contradicted.

A new monthly paper, entitled *Le Divorce*, is about to be started in Paris, with the object of legalising divorce. The

prospectus of the *Divorce* states that there are no fewer than 44,567 separated men and women living in France, and that the Palais de Justice has before it at the present moment 1,633 demands for separation, and that, moreover, the number of couples separated voluntarily is immense.

From 3,000 to 3,500 women are employed, we are told, by the book publishers of New York. Type-setting and typography are now recognised as favourite employments of girls, and of late years the number of saleswomen in stores has greatly increased.

The extraordinary case of the alleged abduction of a young Jewess at Cardiff, which occupied the public mind and caused so much interest a few months ago, is likely soon to form the subject of a civil action in one of our local courts of assize. Additional evidence, it appears, has been obtained, and several parties not hitherto prominently noticed in the transaction are likely to be implicated, upon whom, together with all those who took a leading part in the affair at the time, process has been served, and the whole question, as we have stated, will shortly be re-opened, and will form the subject of judicial inquiry. The circumstances of the case are full of mystery, and the case itself, on the ground of religious proselytisation, is scarcely equalled by the celebrated Mortara case, which caused so much sensation in the religious world some few years ago. Mr. Lyons has not set eyes upon his daughter since she disappeared from his house fourteen months ago. The revival of the subject will create considerable interest in the district, where all the parties are well known, and are moving in more or less conspicuous positions. It is stated that Mr. Lyons is active under the sanction of a legal counsel, and is determined to sift the matter thoroughly.

An Education Aid Society has been formed in Liverpool for the purpose of assisting poor parents to obtain education for their children. It is stated that there are in Liverpool 30,000 children outside any provision for education.

Dr. E. Lankester, the coroner for Central Middlesex, is giving, on the 30th of June, a lecture on "Antisepsis" at the hall on the 3rd of June, in connexion with the "Christian Instruction Society." The Earl of Shaftesbury will preside.

On Friday night last week, a man named M. Brady, a dyer, living in Main-street, Carlton, Glasgow, cut the throat of his daughter, a child of three years of age, and threw himself out of the window, which was in the fourth story of the house, into the street. He was severely hurt, but is expected to recover. He also said to have shown symptoms of insanity for some time past.

A herbalist at Liverpool, named Flannery, undertook on Sunday to prescribe for a woman named Carney, who complained to him of rheumatic pains, and recommended her to take a portion of some herbs which he had collected that morning. She did so, and Flannery himself took some of the medicine. Both were taken ill. Carney was in a dispensary, where an emetic was administered to her, which was so far successful that she is still alive, although not out of danger, but Flannery died soon after taking the herbs.

A few days ago a widow named Rachel Jones, who was believed to be 108 years of age, and who lived in a small cottage on Horfield-common, near Bristol, accidentally set her clothes on fire, and died a few minutes after the burns.

The "captive balloon" at Ashburnham-park broke loose from its moorings on Tuesday afternoon, and sailed away in a north-westerly direction. No one was in the car at the time. It appears that the rope by which the balloon was held captive became entangled round its roller, and this causing too great a strain upon the rope it broke, and the balloon ascended like a shot out of a gun, the end of the rope knocking down a policeman who was on duty.

Wednesday, as all the world knows, was Derby day, and, fortunately for the tens of thousands who from the early morn were making the best of their way to the Downs, the weather proved exceedingly fine. The competitors were at the post by twenty minutes past three, and at the first attempt The Drummer, The Aegan, Thorwaldsen, Defender, and Rupert broke away, the two first named running a couple of hundred yards before they could be stopped. Six minutes later the flag fell, and The Drummer was again the first away. The race closed as follows: 1. Pretender. 2. Pero Gomez. 3. The Drummer.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Annie Severin, 3 vols., crown 8vo, 31s. 6d. cloth.
Bennett's Proposals for Ballad History of England, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Buchanan's History of the Ballad Stories of the Affections, 18mo, 2s. 6d. cloth.
Carlyle's (T.) Life of Schiller, 8vo, 7s. 6d. cloth.
De Vere's (Anbrey) Irish Odes, and other Poems, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Eden's (Lizzie S.) My Holiday in Austria, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. cloth.
Goswaine's (Mrs. Dr.) Harold's Note-Book, 12mo, 6s. cloth.
Goswaine's (Rev. W.) Gems from the Cornish Islands, 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Hervey's (E. L.) Our Legends and Lives, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Ingelow's (Jean) Mopsa, the Fairy, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Ingelow's (Jean) Mopsa, the Fairy, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Ingelow's (W. B.) Life of Douglas Jerrold, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Maiden Hoes and Maiden Wiles, 20 Plates by Beaulieu, folio, 15s.
Scott's (Sir W.) Mistletoe of the Borders, crown 8vo, 4s. cloth.
Stowe's (H. B.) Old-Town Folks, 3 vols., post 8vo, 31s. 6d. cloth.
Strathmore, by Ouida, crown 8vo, 6s. cloth.
Trollope's (A.) He Knew he was Right, 3 vols., 8vo, 21s. cloth.

From America we learn that the "Messe Solennelle" of Rossini has been played at the New York Academy of Music. Mr. Lester Wallack was expected to leave for England on the 12th of May. Miss Mariotti, since her arrival in New York, had suffered from severe illness. The late Artemus Ward is announced as joint author with Mr. G. W. Robertson of the comedy of *Ours*, which is now being played at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke has died suddenly, at St. Petersburg, to which capital he had been invited as the representative of England at the forthcoming Exhibition of the Russian Horticultural Societies. He was the only son of Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, chief proprietor and sometime editor of the *Athenæum*; a critic whose writings on Pope, on Burke, and on Junius are known to all students of our literary and political history.

THE NONPAREIL BONTON BOOTS AND SHOES.—William Goodman, the eminent artistic boot and Court shoemaker, has every accommodation for ladies and gentlemen at his commodious premises, 1, Norland-terrace, Prince's-corner, and Norland-house, Holland-park, Notting-hill, W. His spacious showrooms are now replete with choice specimens of elegant and beautifully designed boots and shoes for short dresses, also for dinner, evening, and full-dress costume. Wedding trousseaux with *éclat*. The leading articles in shoes are those of the period of Louis XIII., XIV., and XVI.; in boots the Dagmar and the Eugénie for promenade, and the *Princesse* for the staid class of article for school, promenade, or country wear. India and colonial outfits. And by his great patronage gives unqualified approbation. Cards for self-measurement forwarded to all parts of the world. 1, Norland-terrace, Prince's-corner, and Norland House, Holland-park, Notting-hill, W. Manufacture, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

Notes Interesting and Odd.

An American paper says that two women, in Bloomer costume, went out hunting near Mansfield, Illinois, a few days since, each carrying a double-barrel shot gun. They returned with a goodly quantity of snipe and woodcock as a proof of their skill.

The *Figaro* gives a quick reply to an anonymous correspondent: "A note, written by a female hand, asks us why in polite society etiquette allows a lady to pay a visit with her veil down. I really do not know, madame; but I would bet it is the ugly ones who set the fashion, and that it is only pretty women who make inquiries about it."

A gentleman had occasion a few days ago to advertise for a cook, and among other applications was one from a young lady of the profession, inclosing her *carte-de-visite*!

NOVELS ABOVE AND BELOW STAIRS.—How curious are the two strata of novels which correspond to the latitudes of the kitchen and the drawing-room! We all know that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; but why must that touch of nature upstairs always represent a sweet child dying without shoes or stockings, and downstairs just as invariably a dissolute marquis? Perhaps the explanation of both paradoxes may be found in the need experienced by the human mind to escape by the golden gate of fancy into the fields furthest from its ordinary haunts and avocations. The grandeur of wealth and rank have no romance for those who have possessed them always—the sorrows of poverty are far too real for those who know them practically to afford any scope for the display of the imagination.

Two ladies stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's the other day; one of them got out, and the carriage stood across the pathway. Some gentlemen wanting to cross to the other side, desired the coachman to move on a little. The man was surly, and refused; the gentleman remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation the lady came to the shop-door and foolishly ordered the coachman not to stir from his place. On this one of the gentlemen opened the coach door, and with boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of the lady within as well as the lady without. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, and relishing the joke, scrambled through the carriage.

The contracts for furnishing the new palace of Teheran for the Sultan have been concluded, and the fitting up of the building will be on the most splendid scale. One piece of cloth-of-gold alone, for the Sultan's bedroom, has been contracted for by a German house at nearly 4,000*l*.

Journalists and editors of newspapers are not alone subjected to the rules and regulations of supervision in Paris—writers of epitaphs have to submit their citations and allusions to administrative approval, and there are yearly no less than from 200 to 250 *refusés*. The two following have met with serious objections, and are not to be perpetuated on tombstones:—

To the memory of Sophia S.—
Her grateful husband.

It was thought judiciously by the committee, on examination, that the public should not be led to suppose they could sanction gratitude in the heart of a man for being bereaved of his wife. The other objectionable epitaph was written before death by a philosopher whose susceptibilities could consequently not be roused by its refusal. It was simply this:—

Passer-by, it will be your turn soon.

This statement from a mute stone might certainly have caused some perturbation in the minds of some of the promenaders who go out for a walk in the cemeteries to get a little change of air.

Professor Paolo Mantegazza, who lately returned from Sardinia, has presented to the Milan Institute of Sciences a loaf of acorn bread such as is eaten at Baveno, Urzulei, Tolomeo, and other localities of Ogliastra, in that island. Prepared with the gland of the *quercus robur* and *quercus suber*, pulverised, it is of a dark chocolate colour and not disagreeable to the taste, resembling the *patona* of Tuscany made with chestnut flour.

STRANGE MARRIAGE COINCIDENCES.—It is recorded of a Roman Catholic lady, one of the Silvertops of Northumberland, in the last century, that she married three, her first husband being a Quaker, her second a Church of England man, and her third a Roman Catholic; and what is more curious still, on each occasion she married a man twice her own age: at sixteen, a man of thirty-two; at thirty, a man of sixty; and at forty-two a man of eighty-four.

A few days ago the son of Mr. G. J. Wood, of Wollaston-villas, was in the Chestnut Walks, when he discovered a half-fledged thrush that had by some means fallen out of its nest. The lad carried the nestling home and placed it in a cage, with the intention of rearing it by hand, but soon afterwards a robin came tapping at the window with a morsel of food in its mouth for the young thrush. The cage was then placed outside the window, and ever since the robin has continued to fly to and fro with food for the stray nestling. It brings worms and crumbs at frequent intervals, and when a piece of hard bread has come in its way the robin has been seen to moisten it in the little pools of water collected in the yard.

The Humourist.

"Mamma," exclaimed a beautiful girl, who suffered affection to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you?" "A cucumber, my beloved Georgina," replied her mamma, with a bland smile of approbation on her daughter's curiosity. "A cucumber! Gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how extraordinary! I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices!"

A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a madman like two men?—He is one beside himself.
Why is a cook like a barber?—He dresses *hair* (hare).
Why is thought like the sea?—It is a *notion* (an ocean).
Why is herb-soup the best of all soup?—It is *soup-herb* (superb).

When is an apple like a fish?—When it is a *crab*.
Why is a courteous person like a tree?—He is full of *boughs* (bows).

Why is a jailer like a musician?—He fingers the keys.
Why is an incorrect writer like a peace-making man?—Because he *rightens wrong* (writes wrong).

Why is the *Czar* of all the Russias like Christmas?—He is an enemy to Turkey.
Why is going to the play like last week?—It is *past time* (pastime).

Why are glaziers greater sufferers than other people?—They have most *panes*.
Why are fish in a hearty state like fish made to imitate them? They are *heartily fish* all (artificial).

What celebrated author does an infant remind one of?—Young.
What question is that to which you must answer yes?—What does *Y E S* spell?

Why is venison more costly than other meat?—It is always *deer* (dear).

NOVEL PROPOSAL.—Algernon. "Is that little Skye-terrier yours?" Leonora. "Yes, it is." Algernon. "Do you know the saying, 'Love me, love my dog?'" Leonora. "Yes." Algernon. "Do you agree with its philosophy?" Leonora. "Oh yes!" Algernon (after a moment's pause). "By Jove, I love your dog awfully!" He was accepted.

An old bachelor received on St. Valentine's-day the following, written in a delicate female hand:—

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?

Who sets for me my easy-chair,
Fixes the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?

Who regulates the evening fire,
Piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?

When sickness comes to rack my frame,
And grief disturbs my troubled brain,
Who sympathises with my pain?

Nobody.

Why was Mohammed like a man in church with a bad cold?—Why—because his coughing (*ciffin*) had to be suspended! Carpets are bought by the yard, and worn by the foot. "What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took fees for christening them.

A YANKEE LOVE "POME."

I luv t'w court in winter
The mani girls I no;
When all around is dreary,
And kivered up with sno;
Because the old uns dred
The cold and stormy wether,
And hurry off tw bed,
Leaving us twgether.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Farrington, looking up at the column of the *Pie* Vendome, during her late visit to Paris. "The pillar of Napoleon," she was answered. "Well I never did!" she exclaimed; "and that's his pillow—he was a great man to use that! but it's more like a bolster. And it's made of iron, I do believe. Ah! Isaac, see what it is to be great. How hard his head must have rested on his ironical pillow."

FASHIONABLE FRIENDSHIP.

I lost my spirits and my health,
But kept my friends as did not wine;
Until one day I lost my wealth,
And never heard of friendship since.

A TRUE BILL!—It has been ascertained that some ladies use paint as fillders do resin—to aid them in drawing a beat. If you are a very precise man, says whatshisname, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray and others for the assertion that "Ann is an indefinite article."

A RIDDLE.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day—
I'm most in use when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And none would ever like to keep.—A bed.
A gentleman named Rose, having a daughter, named her "Wild," as in his opinion "Wild Rose" was a pretty conceit

for a name. But when she grew up, and married a man named Bull, the combination of her Christian and surnames took the conceit out of the old man.

Things that come Home to us—Butchers' bills.

The Skeleton in every Woman's Closet—Her hoop-skirt.

A social Glass to which Ladies are Addicted—The mirror.

A very eulogistic obituary of a lady says: "She was married twenty-four years, and in all that time never once banded the door."

It is not an uncommon complaint against a newspaper that it "hasn't life enough." But a brother editor reports the old objection made to his paper by a gossip-loving old lady: "I like your paper very much: I have only one objection to it—it hasn't *deaths enough*."

(From *Fan*.)

Ducks and Geese.—Much has been said in favour of eider down beds, on account of the eider duck. But give us Epsom Down beds, on account of the quantity of geese plucked there!

Why cannot a lady who owns a roan horse possess one of any other colour? Because it would not be her own.

(From *Punch*.)

"Fence."—Swell (screwing himself up for the contest): "How much?" (Cabby (with a rush): "Five shillings, Sir!" Swell: "Oh, Nonsense! I don't want to buy your horse! What's your Fare, I mean?" (Cabby gives in.)

DISAPPOINTING.—We see advertised "The new improved Baby, requires no feeding, and is warranted not to cry." This is a real blessing to fathers and mothers, and distracted lodgers—and to be had, too, for a few stamps; but is it not rather cruel to offer to send the little dear by the post? (Great blow to our hopes—"the new improved Baby," we find is only what so many actual babies are boasted to be—a "regular picture!"

Race Glasses.—Champagne.
"The Double Event."—Twins!

A novel style of head-dress in Paris—and the very latest, too!—is a garland of tulips worn upon the head, so arranged that the heat of the room causes the tulips gradually to unfold, displaying diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The expense is trifling!

MY IDEAL.

Small, frail of figure, young; and like a child
For utter trust, and large and loving eyes;
With hair like golden seaweed, running wild
In glistening clusters to a tiny waist!
A rosebud mouth, with sayings not too wise,
But very sweet to hear; a satin skin,
White mostly, but flushed faintly from within
With rosy lights,—as when a lamp is placed
Within a porcelain vase,—as though a rose
With bloom, white heart were slowly growing red,
Like pearls entwined with blossoms, she shall wed
To nature's charms all grace that art bestows,
She shall be pure and true enough to greet
A poor relation in the gaping street!—*St. Paul's*.

ENDOWMENT OF ROSIÈRES.—M. Pied, of Vernon (Eure), who died on the 12th August, 1867, left by will to that town an annual and perpetual income of 1,200*fr*, for the marriage of a *rosière*. By the terms of the testament 1,000*fr*. are to be appropriated every year to the dowry of an orphan, or, failing such, a poor girl of from 17 to 21. The remaining 200*fr*. are for the costs of the ceremony and the wedding breakfast, &c. A clause stipulates that if the selected candidate is not married during the year in which she is crowned, she is to lose all interest in the gift. As certain formalities had to be complied with, the injunctions of the will could not be carried out last year, so that this year there was a double *pièce*. The ceremony took place on Ascension Day, and the symbolic wreath was conferred on Mesdames Quercel and Philippe, by the Duke d'Albion.

We cannot refrain from specially noticing an interesting and humorous object, exhibited by a young lady, in a neat glass case, and entitled "Specimen, exhibited by a Girl of the Period." The "specimen" was the foot of a stocking, most beautifully darned, at the Hampstead Literary Society.

A suit is set down for trial in a Tennessee court to test the right of a magistrate solemnising a marriage to kiss the bride.

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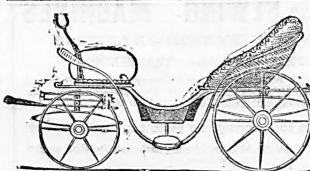
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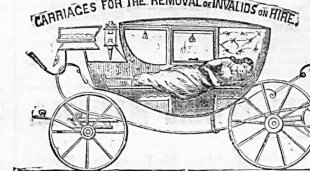
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